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*This book is dedicated to those Plymouth boys
now serving in the armed forces of the
United States.*

The Principal Speaks

MacARTHUR and HIS MEN



WHERE IS BATAAN?

BATAAN is in the heart of every American, in the heart of every liberty-loving man and woman, boy and girl, in the wide world. It is part of the geography of human hope.

WHAT IS BATAAN?

It is no mere place-name. Bataan is a shrine hallowed by the blood of common men, white and brown, black and yellow, unafraid to die for freedom.

Bataan is sacred, for here died the men whose courage, whose devotion to an ideal, will serve us as a beacon light in the dark days ahead.

WHO IS MacARTHUR?

The C.-in-C. in the Pacific, MacArthur, is all of us. MacArthur is the general in command and the man in the ranks; he is the man at the lathe and the man at the loom; the man in the pulpit and the man at the plow. He is you in America and your brother in the subject countries. He is the Dutchman and the Dane, the Slav and the Slovak, the Belgian, the Frenchman, the Briton, the Norwegian. He is Man against the Axis.

WHAT IS MacARTHUR?

MacArthur is the flame of faith that blazes at the tip of Freedom's torch. He is the spirit of a nation. He is American.

WHO ARE HIS MEN?

We are all his men. From the greatest to the least we are his men. So long as we love liberty and seek truth, whether in Bataan or Boston, he will know that we are his men. He must *know* that he can count on us.

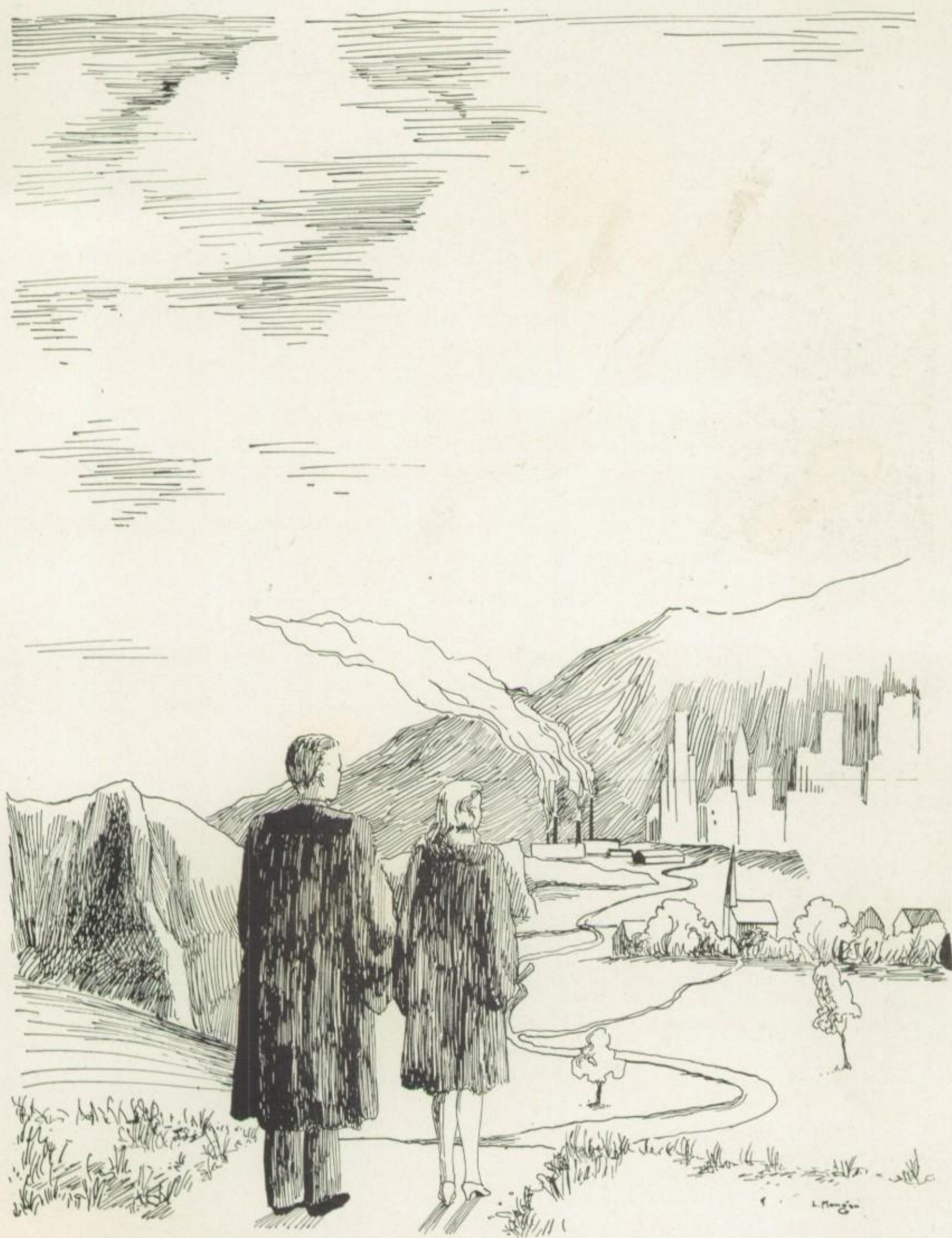
WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT IT?

Tell Hitler and Mussolini and the Japs. Tell them in the only language all three are able to comprehend. Tell them in tanks and planes and ships and guns. Tell them in deeds.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

We can do whatever is required of us; do it better than we have ever done it before. No matter how humble or prosaic, we can do it for him. What does it matter who flies the bomber as long as we can give him bombers to fly? Who cares what man drives the tank as long as we turn out tanks and train drivers? If we can forget self and serve country, if we can forego profit and foster patriotism, if we can "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" MacArthur may yet be proud of us.

EDGAR J. MONGAN



SENIORS



WITH COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE

We pause upon the threshold of the world,
Ours is the future, ours the heritage:

We firmly stand, our country's flag unfurled,
Ready in place on Life's stupendous stage.

What is our role? What part are we to play?

Whence comes the strength to scale the heights of Life?
Behind us lies our happy childhood day,
Before, a tortured Earth-engulfed in strife.

A frightening thought! Suppose we have not power
To win our fight? Why seek the hero's role?
Banish all fear! This is our greatest hour:
We shall move on with Faith to seek our goal.

Our task is clear. Great tales of shining deeds
Fill, with a deep and solemn pride, each heart.

We must fight on, until at last the seeds
Of Liberty are sown in every part
Of Earth. To Him with suppliant hearts we turn:
God, give us power to make the future bright.

We are not weak--the strength of youth will earn,
With Courage and Confidence, a world of Right.

Mary Goddard '82

L. Houghton '82

Dotty Biographies

President: ROGER WHITING

Poor Roger! . . . With all the "pressure politics" of the Class of 1942, he has a time of it . . . born on January 4th in 1925 . . . has attained a height of five feet, seven inches, culminated by a crop of brown curls . . . according to his driver's license, has blue eyes . . . surprised us all by appearing one day wearing glasses . . . played as a substitute on the varsity basketball team in his Senior year . . . was an active member of the S.A.S. for three years . . . is determined to equal last year's record of "Pilgrim" advertising . . . considered by certain members of the opposite sex as the best-dressed boy in the Senior class . . . finds spaghetti unappetizing!



Vice-President: EDMUND AXFORD

Our Vice-President has light brown hair, blue eyes, and a height of five feet, six inches . . . ran on cross-country team and track . . . listed on the records as a Senior, but spends so much time on the Sophomore floor that we sometimes wonder . . . admits bookkeeping is his Waterloo, but hastens to add that he redeems himself in history . . . let's see now, Eddie, was it Patrick Henry? . . . is justly proud of his stamp collection, which consists of approximately 12,000 items . . . loves to tinker with gadgets . . . insists he can't jitterbug . . . admits the desire to take the Chiltonville bus . . . born in 1924 on August 9th.



Secretary: JOAN HOLMES

We thought she'd never conquer the habit of talking with her hands, but Mrs. Raymond took care of that . . . only five feet, two and one-half inches (be sure to remember the half inch) . . . blessed with taffy-colored hair and hazel eyes . . . haunts Gambini's for some unknown reason . . . struggled with Seniors in her capacity as Red Cross Knitting Captain . . . loves to drop that tiny ring in History IV . . . was a member of the S.A.S. . . . infects everyone with her laugh . . . exasperates her classmates by tapping her fingers or jiggling her leg when *trying* to think . . . has to read her own secretary's notes because nobody else can . . . born on February 7th, 1924 . . . still thinks 1935 "Pilgrim" is best ever.



Treasurer: HAROLD MACCAFERRI

Five feet, nine inches of brawn were behind that pass—Yeah, "Mac"! . . . born in 1924 on the 3rd of August . . . wore bow ties in company with the other males, much to the girls' disgust . . . saved class financial worries by his constant vigilance over the treasury . . . finally did get our class pins to arrive . . . should be an airplane designer—certainly had enough experience in American History, Period IV . . . shocked Mrs. Raymond by revealing that we all aren't as honest as she'd like to believe (no reflection on you, "Mac") . . . worked on ticket sales promotion and publicity for the Senior Dance . . . possessor of dark brown hair and eyes . . . wouldn't give us his 'phone number.



No record here of things they've done;
We only seek to have some fun.

SILVIO ADAMO

We've observed that Silvio
Is one who gets around;
In his trusty Ford V8
He can cover ground.



ALICE BAPTISTA

Soon after eight each morning,
As brightly as you please,
She comes around to gather
The lists of absentees.



CHARLOTTE ANDERSON

She bustles through the corri-
dors
At 8 A.M. each day
Collecting teachers' menus—
So don't get in her way.



VINCENT BARATTA

At basketball and football,
Watching dancers glide—
Everywhere that Vinny goes
His camera's at his side.



ANGELINA ANDREWS

In school she is most circum-
spect—
As though her claim to fame
Depended on her being
The first part of her name.



FRANCES BARLOW

Her eyes are bright, her laugh-
ter gay,
And hers are dancing feet;
Where'er she is, there's mis-
chief, too—
She's always fun to meet!



HELEN ARNOLD

Though some opine that she is
shy,
We find her nice to meet—
And, if more details are desired,
We'd say she's short and sweet.



EDWIN BASTONI

Eddie's green car
Has been thrown for a loss,
Uncle Samuel thinks
He'd best get a "hoss."



EDMUND AXFORD

With spring in his legs
And fire in his heart
Our cross-country runner
Gets set on his mark.



JOAN BENSON

If you would see her after one,
We fear she will not stay—
She'll jump into her Plymouth
And be off White Horse way.



RACHEL BAKER

Nor is there
Higher accolade—
She is a dependable,
Sensible maid.



JOSEPH BERGAMINI

Since Joseph was engaged to
work
In Grant's Department Store,
A plethora of peanut "ads"
Adorns his locker door.



DORIS BERGONZINI

That Doris is industrious
No one could gainsay:
Her lessons and her music
Fill each minute of each day.



ROSETTA BOYNTON

If you are convinced
Oral topics are fun,
You cannot see why
She loathes giving one.

RICHARD BOTIERI

We seldom see him happy,
We seldom see him gay—
Yet he must find enjoyment
In his own peculiar way.



ELEANOR BRENNER

Whether things go wrong or
well,
She's pleasant all the while;
She has for everyone she meets
A gay and charming smile.

ROBERT BOTIERI

He's witty in our classes,
He's prankish on the street—
But on the football field he's
grim
In victory or defeat.



THOMAS BREWER

Whene'er our band is on the
march,
Its music loud and clear—
There is bass-drum Tommy
Bringing up the rear.

DORIS BOUCHARD

Doris cannot frown for long,
No matter how she tries—
For, though she wrinkles up her
brow,
There's laughter in her eyes.



DAVID BRIGGS

He wastes no precious moments
In search of a panacea—
He knows that man and boy
alike
Must labor without fear.

BERNARD BOUDROT

No real need
To struggle and sweat—
He thinks he's found
A better way yet.



MARCIA BROOKS

We like your lustrous, wavy
hair,
We like your eyes, true blue—
We sound like some romantic
swain,
But Marcia—we like you!

PHYLLIS BOUTIN

Wavy hair and roguish eyes
And pert, tip-tilted chin—
But what we'll all remember
best
Is Phyl's infectious grin!



GEORGE BRYANT

His first love, his true love
From him soon may part;
Without four tires she cannot
run,
Sans battery, cannot start.

RONALD BUTTERFIELD

Like honest criticism?
D'you take it if you can?
For, if you like straightforward-
ness,
Ron' Butterfield's your man!



EDWARD CAVICCHI

When we think of Edward,
There's no need words to
bandy;
Now we can be terse in verse—
He's our Handy Andy.

GEORGE BUTTERS

We know he can be bellicose
If he feels he cannot yield,
But for the most part he re-
serves
His fight for the football field.



EDITH CHILDS

There is a gleam of copper
As a sunbeam passes by,
As though with auburn tresses
It could hope to vie.

MARJORIE CAMPBELL

On those days when book re-
ports
Are certain to be written,
With some mysterious malady
Our Marjorie is smitten.



MURDOCK CHRISTIE

He's surveyed the faculty
And envies no man there
Except Coach Walker—with his
job
No other can compare.

GEORGE CANUCCI

If in the years that lie ahead
We find we're in a jam,
We'll call on him to help us
In the courts of Uncle Sam.



SHIRLEY COLLINS

We know making posters
Can often be tedious,
But her skill and patience
Are truly egregious.

ROBERT CARLISLE

He should own a rooster
And learn to heed its call,
Then getting where he should
be
Would be no task at all.



ROBERT COOK

If anyone should ask us what
Profession he should choose,
"Behind the footlights," we'd
reply,
"He'd fill that Welles man's
shoes!"

HENRY CARVALHO

In any group he's welcome:
His genial spirit serves
To calm conflicting spirits
And quiet jangled nerves.



HERBERT COSTA

Herbert has his formula
For always keeping gay;
He sits right down to toot his
horn—
He blows the blues away.

HERBERT CROWELL

In coat and tails
And splendid derby
Is *not* the way
We picture Herbie.



ARTHUR DOTEN

No day is there
So gray or grim
But our spirits rise
When we talk with him.

HAROLD DeCARLI

To teach us English grammar
Is what M. Raymond tries,
But she gets sidetracked often
By Harold's many "whys."



DONALD DOUGLAS

You may think him
Meek and shy,
But there is mischief
In his eye.

MARGARET DIAZ

Patience is a virtue
Possessed, we know, by you,
Though tasks may be laborious
We find you smiling through.



VIRGINIA DOUGLAS

She refuses to be won
By blandishment or guile,
No quip of ours or antic
Can evoke a smile.

PHYLLIS DIEGOLI

We liked her at first sight,
We liked her at second—
The extent of our liking's
Not easily reckoned.



PATRICIA DOUGLASS

The blare of martial music,
The sound of marching feet—
And with the Plymouth High
School Band
She's strutting down the street.

RICHARD DiSTEFANO

Deftly his fingers wander
Over the ivory keys,
On his patient practice
We could write homilies.



AGNES EMOND

Miss Emond, you amaze us!
Now won't you tell us where
And when and how (we wish we
knew!)
You learned to do your hair?

MARY CLAIRE DONOVAN

She thinks he's simply wonder-
ful!
We shouldn't mention names,
But in this case 'twill do no
harm—
He's Bugler Harry James!



JAMES FILLEBROWN

He has a boon companion
Who has grown up with him;
May he not soon be parted
From his infectious grin.

BARBARA FISH

Given her way,
To the skies she would soar;
Her interest lies
With the Army Air Corps.



DORIS GAMMONS

She tackles a job
Without fiddle or fuss—
Could be an example
For many of us.

GEORGE FONTAINE

Passing strange, we call it,
Since math class he adored,
That he cannot read the 35
Upon his instrument board.



WILLIAM GAULT

There's always fun when Bill's
around
As all of us have seen,
Remember when in history class
We launched the "B-19"?

SAMUEL FRANC, JR.

He has a mind like Einstein,
Each day we're thrilled anew;
The imponderables he explains
With, "Theoretically it's true."



RICHARD GAVONE

Dick, as a--er--ah--writer,
You're--er--ah--very good;
You soon may outdo Winchell—
We really think you could!

JENNETTE FRANKS

We searched the dictionary:
Mellifluous is our choice—
We feel it is the proper word
To describe her voice.



DOROTHY GELLAR

In all the years we've known
you,
We have discovered this:
Whene'er it comes to talking,
you're
A "hand"-y sort of miss!

JOSEPH FRATUS

Though he has a serious air,
There's basis for the rumor
That beneath his thoughtfulness
Joe has a sense of humor.



JAMES GHELLI

"Least said, soonest mended"
Has ever been his creed:
Why waste breath in talking
When there is no need?

RUEZ GALLERANI

If the family car is in your
hands
When the fender gets a dent,
Just drive posthaste to Ruez—
You'll find your time well spent.



JUNE GILLIS

If you are an example of
What girls from Wareham do,
Then we're certain that we'd
like them
As much as we like you.

WILLIAM GILMAN

How happy every girl would
be—
And this without exception—
If the fates had given her
His pink and white complexion!



FLORA GUIDETTI

You're quiet, reserved,
When we see you each day—
But, Flora, we'd guess
You're not always that way!

PHYLLIS GINHOLD

We think that no department
store
Could rival her display
Of lovely costume jewelry—
About it she's "that way."



HOWARD HAIRE

He's smooth and suave, a gen-
tleman,
His manner is not partial:
The girls in P. H. S. all say,
"He's just like Herbert Mar-
shall."

MARY GODDARD

Contrary Mary, raise your voice
Or we miss your recitation,
Full well we know on hockey
field
You screech with wild elation.



GERTRUDE HARJU

We can speak no ill of her
Even if we would,
She comports herself always
As a lady should.

RICHARD GREEN

If the Town Team needs a
player,
We can produce another;
We know he has the thing it
takes
To pitch just like his brother.



STEWART HATCH

Here's a brave hunter
The girls all prefer!
Whatever the game
He's no amateur.

BURTON GREY

"I'm only the man who grinds
it!"
He's driven to explain:
"If your car runs out of gas,
Don't give me the blame."



ALBERT HATTON

He doubts the very things he
sees,
All theories he flouts;
Now even we are doubting
That Albert really doubts.

DONALD GRISWOLD

Leave gun at home and emulate
The well-known wily fox—
No beast nor bird could e'er re-
sist
The lure of orange socks.



HAROLD HAYWARD

Hear that click? And see that
flash?
Look out, you camera-shy!
For someone's likely to be
"shot"
When Hayward's passing by!

JUSTINE HAYWARD

When we're in the depths and
filled with woe
And in need of some cheering,
we think
Of Justine—she has what it
takes:
A radiant smile and a saucy
wink.



JOAN HOLMES

Her record points a lesson
For all who will to learn:
Each honor she's been given
Is one she's worked to earn.

WINFIELD HENRY

It's fine to know you're needed
In some activity:
Take basketball—we needed
him
Indubitably.



MARCIA HOLMES

From careful observation
We feel qualified to say
That from all the colors she
could choose
Her favorite is grey.

MARGARET HOLMAN

What's more fun
Than taking a ride
On the back of a horse
Through the countryside?



PAULINE HOLMES

Photogenically
She rates high—
Proofs from Purdy
Do not lie.

CATHERINE HOLMES

She has no need of artifice,
Of rouge or facial pack—
She has on tap the kind of
blush
That most girls seem to lack.



MURIEL HUMPHREY

She will rhumba, she will conga,
She will do the tango, too—
She will teach you any dance
step
That is intricate—and new.

ELDORA HOLMES

Eldora, please make noise,
Eldora, don't be still—
But though we plead forlornly,
Eldora never will.



BELLA JESSE

Industrious as the busy bee
But happy all the while;
Rarely have we seen her
Without a friendly smile.

GEORGE HOLMES

Quiet, unassuming—
Who would have ever guessed
That his sense of humor
Is among the best.



EUNICE JESSE

If we had a sister to
Work miracles at night,
Our bedraggled locks would
gleam
In the morning light

EDDIE JOHNSON

In Plymouth or in Plympton
Eddie never changes:
He'll laugh life off, contented
with
Whatever Fate arranges.



FLORINDA LEAL

In sports or in the classroom
In any kind of test
Whenever people speak of her,
She always rates the best.

MARTHA KALLIO

It's not that we believe we're
omniscient,
It's just that we've seen what is
sufficient
To make us think she doesn't
intend
Her life as a bachelor girl to
spend.



ARLEEN LINTON

At work or play, in school or
out,
In earnest or in fun,
She's proved herself to be
"Grade-A"
In everything she's done.

WILLIAM KELLER

A sturdy nine is on the field
Behind their Captain Keller,
We could be harboring in our
midst
A most sensational Feller.



HOWARD LIVINGSTONE

To star on the gridiron
He doesn't feel able,
But he is invincible
At the ping pong table.

JOHN KELLEY

Come on, Gabriel, blow your
horn,
Sing, angels, far and near—
No answer? Well, John Kelley
And the jitterbugs are here.



GERALD LONGHI

If you ever have a headache
Or you sniffle and ka-choo,
Run quickly to "Balboni's"
And he'll tell you what to do.

MARY KENNEDY

Mary stands ready!
No need to coax or wheedle—
She does her bit in total war
With her trusty knitting needle.



JOHN LOPES

He had the intestinal fortitude
To stay with typing and short-
hand—
Not many senior boys we know
Belong to that gallant band.

GRACE LACEY

Calm and collected
All the day through,
She keeps her composure
Whatever we do.



VIRGINIA LYNCH

Her lipstick is right, her hair
softly waved—
Her clothing is carefully
pressed;
Wherever she goes, whatever
she does,
She's always impeccably
dressed.

HAROLD MACCAFERRI

He never pays attention
To the girls—it is a shame!
The only passes he will make
Are in a football game.



LYDIA MONGAN

Her sketches can send thrills
Of pleasure up our spines:
Lydia is a specialist
In curves and lovely lines.

BARBARA MALOON

We've taxed her time and pa-
tience,
But she's borne it very well—
What a saga of endurance
Her typewriter could tell.



ETHELWYN MORRIS

Quiet and capable
As we can tell,
Ethelwyn's sure to do
Everything well.

MARIE MARTINELLI

To varied tasks
Her art is lent:
She's proved herself
Most competent.



ARLENE MORSE

"Where there's a will,
There's a way," we've learned,
And this advice
She has not spurned.

EVELYN MAYNARD

Be the weather fair or foul
She is on her way,
As faithful as the postman
She makes her rounds each day.



ARTHUR MOSKOS

When he's within the classroom,
He appears to be quite tame;
But out upon the football field
He puts wild cats to shame.

FAITH MILLMAN

A song on her lips
And joy in her heart,
We've noticed she always
Does more than her part.



MARY MULCAHY

Victory for the seniors
Makes Mary's visage beam,
Not difficult to understand—
She's captain of the team.

FREDERICK MITCHELL

Freddie made a speech one day,
And he didn't say, "Oh,
shucks!"
He told us very plainly:
He wants to wear a "tux"!



CONNIE MURRAY

"Hey, Connie, how'd you do this
one?"
"Was it page fifty-three?"
We know she'll have the facts
we need,
So capable is she.

MARJORIE NEAL

Since music often is defined
As the medicine of the mind,
Her mental health might well
surpass
That of any in her class.



GIO PEDERZANI

Gio is a chef of sorts—
Two products he combines
To delight all comers:
He deals in "hot canines."

JOHN NUTTERVILLE

Miss Kelly is wondering
Just what she'll do:
Can she find a banker
As faithful as you?



RUTH PEDERZANI

With ankle socks and saddle
shoes
A sweater girl is she
Who listens to directions
And labors cheerfully.

BEATRICE O'CONNELL

She's happy all the day
Out of school or in,
But when she's playing basket-
ball,
The smile becomes a grin.



BENJAMIN PERRY

If you want a portrait
Or just a keep-off sign,
Just put a paint brush in his
hand
And he will serve you fine.

RICHARD PARKS

If a boy is purposeful,
He belongs in school—
Except in ducking season,
Is his version of the rule.



NAOMI PERRY

No matter where you see her
Or what she's working at,
She always has a giggle
And always time to chat.

RICHARD PAVESI

On a bicycle built for one
He pedals undismayed;
With his determination
He's sure to make the grade.



CHARLES PETERSON

His colorful attire
Has served one purpose well:
The drabness of a Monday
It can certainly dispel.

ARTHUR PEDERZANI

If we had plenty of energy,
Vim and vigor to spare,
We *might* catch up with Ar-
thur—
But the prospect is not fair.



JEAN PETIT

As recess time approaches,
Her hopes are running high;
'Tis not the thought of food
alone
That brings the sparkle to her
eye.

GEORGE PICARD

In moments of real danger
You would your wits assemble,
Yet a little thing, reciting,
Causes you to tremble.



HENRY PINA

Beautiful figures
May always be found
Whenever his pencil
And he are around.



ISABELLE PIERSON

When I. P. moved to Boston,
Everything looked black—
Now P. H. S. is happy:
Our Isabelle's moved back!



ALBERT POST

Atlas now
May take his bow,
For Al is here
To show him how.



J. ERNEST PIERSON

The Mighty Mite
Of Forty-two—
To you alone
This honor's due.



HELEN RANDALL

Helen dearly loves to dance
And she embraces every chance;
If that is how she keeps so
slim,
Here's a way to keep in trim.



ALBERT PILLSBURY

He's superb in mathematics
When he gives a proposition;
Such accomplishments, we hint,
Result from intuition.



ROBERT RAYMOND

Baseball has not
Lost its savor—
In his choice of sport
He does not waver.



CATHERINE PIMENTAL

No brickbats for her
Nor bunches of flowers—
But we're glad she was with us
Throughout schoolday hours.



LAURA RESNICK

Nicki went to Penn last year,
And boy, did she have fun!
Then home she came to tell us
Of all she'd seen and done.



MANUEL PIMENTAL

If he's as good stock boy
As collector of dimes,
The day will soon come
When he'll see better times.



DORIS ROGAN

If lack of a smile
Can spell defeat,
No untoward end
Will Doris meet.



GERALD ROMANO

Jerry finds the spot he wants
In the middle of the floor;
In goes the basketball—
Up goes our score.



JULIA SCHNEIDER

Whosoever marries her
A lucky man will be,
For she excels in sewing
As well as cookery.

DENA ROSSI

A ticket to the cinema
Is forty cents, we know—
Dena's smile alone's worth more
Than admission to the show.



LOIS SCHNEIDER

Whene'er we see Lois
She's walking with Grace,
A light in her eye
And a smile on her face.

JOHN RUSSELL

Ducks are Johnny's true love,
Everyone please note—
Autumn brings him hunting,
Summer brings his boat.



ANNA SCOTTI

Well developed, we should say,
Her powers of observation—
Her skill in handling detail
tests
Created a sensation.

EVELYN RYERSON

If she makes a date to skate,
She'll be there on the dot:
We suspect she plans some day
To put Henie on the spot.



HELEN SHAW

If you've noticed lately
That she's acquired a frown,
It's because these verses
Almost got her down.

ELAINE SADOW

Who's that tearing down the
street?
Is she off to catch a train?
If it's almost eight o'clock,
You can bet that it's Elaine.



JUNE SHAW

Perky, multi-colored bows
Adorn milady's hair;
No need has she of artifice
To make her seem more fair.

ELSIE SALMI

Dale Carnegie has frequently
declared:
"A name correctly used may
win a friend";
Yet, though she's called "Sala-
mi," she won't care—
She seems possessed of pa-
tience without end.



SIDNEY SHWOM

In history class
He is a whiz,
He can't be thrown
By any quiz.

MANUEL SILVA

For hours of keen enjoyment
When you are alone,
He recommends the purchase
Of a good trombone.



TONY SOARES

While Tony has his music,
He'll never be alone!
The sweetest sounds come out
each time
He plays his slide trombone.

STELLA SIMMONS

"What you need, go out and
earn,"
Our teachers oft exhort;
But in her case it's difficult—
Stella's very short.



CHARLES STASINOS

As orator
He lacks the ease
Of the great
Demosthenes.

TONY SIRRICO

We resolve and resolve again
Most circumspect to be,
But an argument with Tony
Ends pyrotechnically.



JEANNETTE STRASSEL

The thought of summer study
Might be less alluring
Were there no compensations
To make it worth enduring.

BARBARA SKINNER

Her many sterling qualities
All frailties outweigh,
Perfection is her only goal;
She works toward it each day.



MORTON STURTEVANT

If the National Geographic
Were the textbook in a class,
No one of us need ever try
His knowledge to surpass.

ELSPETH SLOAN

She has made a benedict
Of a very special man
Before he leaves to do a job
For his Uncle Sam.



DANIEL SULLIVAN

Every class has its pugilist,
And here's another one:
Not too surprising when you
know
His last name's Sullivan.

PATRICIA SMITH

If your fingers move as nimbly
as your tongue
From twelve-fifteen until the
stroke of one,
And your pencil's sharpness
parallels your wit's,
You'll be an artist, Pat, before
you're done.



LUZETTA SWIFT

Some find her sad and serious,
Some say she's gay, amusing—
A dual personality?
It's really most confusing.

JOSEPH SYLVIA

The gridiron statistics
Of our heroes bold
Joseph is one boy
Who needn't be told.



CHARLOTTE VALLER

Since we have witnessed
Her gay energy,
We have decided:
A tomboy is she.

MARY TADDIA

Both mental and physical ex-
ercise
She'd have within her day—
She may not know it, but the
Greeks
Thought this the ideal way.



BETTY VIETS

With fingers capable
And slim
She's any knitter's
Paradigm.

DOLORES TARANTINO

There's a winsome smile for
everyone
When Dolores passes by,
Perhaps she likes us just as well
As dear old Kingston High!



PEARL VITTI

What is so fair
As a lovely girl?
What is so rare
As one like Pearl?

RUTH TAVARES

She has no love for Wednesday,
For that is her gym day—
Yet those who know have
pointed out
That all should learn to play.



VIOLA WAGER

A pleasing personality
She never fails to show:
We declare with unanimity
She's very nice to know.

JEAN TORRANCE

Beneath her breath
She hums a tune;
Commencement Days
Will be here soon.



ARLINE WHITE

She remains quite adamant,
No hat her head shall grace:
What's better than a kerchief
To frame a lady's face?

MARJORIE TOUPIN

No matter what the group is
With which she deigns to
mingle,
Before she's there for very long,
With merriment 'twill tingle.



TERESA WHITE

She seems most shy and quiet
When through the hall she
walks;
But, when she reaches study
class,
She talks and talks and talks.

ROGER WHITING

Rog rates tops among us;
His time has been well-spent—
He's shown us his ability
As our class president.



NATALIE WOOD

Whenever Nat giggles,
She wrinkles her nose;
We like her good nature—
It's never a pose.

ROBERT WILSON

Bob was made for leadership—
At least, 'twould be our guess:
He's proved an able president
Of our school S. A. S.!



PAULINE WOOD

Since tires have been rationed,
She's laid a new course:
She'll travel in triumph
Astride a fine horse.

RICHARD WIRTZBURGER

Too much we've heard of
"Jeanie
With the Light Brown Hair",
To say as much to Dickie
We would never dare.



EVAN YATES

Two sounds, above all others,
His interest will win:
The rhythmic beat of flying
feet,
The voice of the violin.

DOROTHEA WOOD

In class or in the corridor
She seldom says a word:
But in another way, we think,
She'll make herself be heard.



JOHN YOUNGMAN

Life is so busy
It's never a bore:
After schoolday tasks
He looks for more.



CLAIRE ZIEGENGEIST

Quiet is her manner
Throughout the livelong day,
Incredible to us the thought
That she's any other way.

Their Secret Thoughts

NAME	I'D LIKE TO BE	I'D LIKE TO SEE	I'D LIKE TO HAVE
Iris E. Albertini	Tall	South America	A car to transport all north bound people after 1:15 P. M.
Charles I. Bagnall	Ah!	Ah!!	Ah!!!
Viola M. Boucher	Travelling	Sights	Fun
Margaret E. Brown	Never in a hurry	Time for all I want to do	Longer art periods
Elinor Brown	Radio announcer	All note books complete	Just a 40-hour week
Vincent De Benedictis	A writer	All orchestra and band members present at all rehearsals	More time
Beatrice E. Garvin	Nonchalant	Gym suits in owners' baskets	Some spare tires
Carlo T. Guidaboni	In U. S. Navy	The earth from above	My wings
Beatrice A. Hunt	Teacher of complete class of hard-working students	An a capella choir in P. H. S.	A completely sound - proofed and equipped music room
Jeannette C. Jacques	Courageous enough to fill this out honestly	More normal times	A peaceful existence
Helen C. Johnson	Owner of four new automobile tires	An end to these questionnaires	All my classes in same room
Lydia E. Judd	Original, for once	The man in the moon	Some spare time
Elizabeth C. Kelly	Sixteen again!	The world at peace!	A million!
Katherine J. Lang	World traveller and lecturer	The world	Enough money to travel when and where I wish
Nellie R. Locklin	A slave-driver	Pupils working	A bright idea
Edgar J. Mongan	Well	Well	WELL!
Dorris Moore	Wiser, but younger	Mexico	My own airplane for speedier trips on week-ends
John W. Packard	Flying it (the Beechcraft)	Victory	A Beechcraft
Arthur G. Pyle	Officer, U. S. Cavalry	Victory	Peace
Amy M. Rafter	An Angel	World in 2042 A. D.	An inspiration
Miriam A. Raymond	Wise	A just peace	Time enough
Mario J. Romano	Cowboy	Wide open spaces	A horse
Richard Smiley	Superman	Daylight ahead	Four new tires and a spare
John H. Walker	President of a bank	World at peace	Four new tires
Margie E. Wilber	As unworried as most of my pupils	Axis defeated	Auto with plenty of tires and gas



FACULTY

Front Row: Mr. Pyle, Miss Jacques, Miss Johnson, Mr. Mongan, Miss Wilber, Mrs. Raymond, Mr. DeBenedictis
 Second Row: Miss Boucher, Miss Locklin, Miss Rafter, Miss Kelly, Miss Judd, Miss Moore, Miss Lang, Miss Brown, Miss Albertini
 Third Row: Mr. Romano, Mr. Smiley, Mr. Bagnall, Mr. Packard, Mr. Guidaboni, Mr. Walker
 Absentees: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Garvin, Miss Hunt

Class Will

WE, the Class of 1942, as our days in Plymouth High School come to a close, will carry in our hearts as dear memories the oft-repeated phrases of our teachers. As a token of our gratitude for the influence and benefit which we have received from them, and because from lips other than theirs these words would lose their significance, we deem it fitting that in this declaration of our last will and testament, we bequeath certain phrases back to their teacher owners, so that they may continue to influence students for years to come.

Miss Iris E. Albertini *Oh, for a poem!*
Mr. Charles I. Bagnall *Take a rest.*
Miss Viola M. Boucher *There's a great deal that has to be done!*
Miss Elinor Brown *Well, now!*
Mrs. Margaret E. Brown *Let me see your work!*
Mr. Vincent De Benedictis *Well, let's try it over again!*
Mrs. Beatrice E. Garvin *Oh, come on girls, jump! ! !*
Mr. Carlo T. Guidaboni *Stick around!*
Miss Beatrice A. Hunt *Posture! Use your diaphragm!*
Miss Jeannette C. Jacques *Oh, you're not keen! C'est facile!*
Miss Helen C. Johnson *Now, class, we will start a NEW budget!*
Miss Lydia E. Judd *And what comes next, class?*
Miss Elizabeth C. Kelly *What poor bookkeepers you children make!*
Miss Katherine J. Lang *Well, it's your job to know!*
Miss Nellie R. Locklin *Where is my answer book?*
Mr. Edgar J. Mongan, Principal *And another thing —*
Miss Dorris Moore *Don't be late for rehearsals!*
Mr. John W. Packard *Waeell, anyhoo!—Aeronca*
Mr. Arthur G. Pyle *Do I have to get tough about it?*
Miss Amy M. Rafter *Are there further questions or comments?*
Mrs. Miriam A. Raymond *That's trite!*
Mr. Mario J. Romano *See me at 1:05!*
Mr. Richard Smiley *Ye gods and little fishes!*
Mr. John H. Walker *Altogether now! Let's go!*
Miss Margie E. Wilber *I have a horse. A horse is to me.*

CLASS HISTORY MADE EASY

	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
1939 1940	AT LAST!	GETTING SETTLED	FOOTBALL P DANCE	MUSICAL BAND DANCE	HAMLET	THE HAD HATTERS	AH, SPRING	SOPHOMORE HOP	OUR FIRST FORMAL JR. PROM	A LONG VACATION
1940 1941	OLD STUFF	SAS CONVENTION The Pilgrim	THOSE THINGS CALLED REPORT CARDS	NOËL	HONOR SOCIETY	GLAD TIDINGS FROM DARK DAYS	SPRING AGAIN	JUNIOR PROM	NOT YET, '42	
1941 1942	FOOTBALL DAYS	THE CALM BEFORE 'GERTIE'	SENIOR DANCE	X M A S FOOTBALL DANCE	S.M.L.S.P. CONVENTION	GAY 90's REVIEW	HONOR GROUP ANNOUNCED	SENIOR GET- TO-GETHERS	FINISH!	

In Tribute

FOR six years the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has asked each graduating class to name its Best Girl Citizen. The girl awarded this honor must possess to an outstanding degree the qualities of dependability, service, leadership, and patriotism. In the Class of 1942, Plymouth High School, that girl is Faith Millman.

As a sophomore, Faith was Assistant School News Editor on *THE PILGRIM*, participated with enthusiasm in sports, and was chairman of the Invitation Committee for the Sophomore Hop. In her junior year, she served on the Matron Committee for the Junior Promenade, took the leading feminine role in the operetta "Martha," became a member of the National Honor Society, and sang first soprano in the Girls' Sextet. Now, as a senior, Faith has been captain of the second hockey team, a member of the Invitation Committee for the Senior Dance, and Senior Features Editor on *THE PILGRIM*. She was a member of the Gay 90's Revue, sang on the radio with the sextet, and was a member of the Dramatic Club. During her entire high school career, her name has appeared on the Honor Roll for highest honors, and, naturally enough, she became a member of the Senior Honor Group.

Faith is a junior member of the Plymouth Woman's Club, and does Red Cross work.

The Class of 1942 awarded the title of Best Girl Citizen to one who richly deserved it.

DORIS BERGONZINI '42

Seniors on Parade

FAITH, a quiet young senior, wasn't quite sure whether to be angry or embarrassed when the camera broke during her appointment with the photographer . . . Sammy has finally discovered that his teacher in trigonometry is a great deal more brilliant than he is . . . If you ever ride with Eddie Johnson, look out the side window. The picket fence is an optical illusion. If you doubt our word, ask Eddie to slow down, and you will discover that the fence is composed of telephone poles . . . Don't be so downhearted, Roger, when we are critical of class meeting procedures. You may well take notice of the fact that very few pupils have initiative enough to "rise to a point of order." Possibly the majority of the seniors are not entirely sure of their parliamentary law . . . We are justly proud of two members of our class who are no longer with us. They are Robert Post and Joseph Coggeshall of the United States Navy . . . If girls care about such things, and we have been told that they do, we suggest the Shaw-Vitti method. We hereby nominate the Misses Shaw and Vitti as the two most coy in the class of 1942 . . . Our seniors did a commendable job in the oratorical contest, but the younger generation just can't be beaten . . . William Gault and William Keller were victims of some sort of chronic malady last winter that required them to remain at home on many important examination days . . . "Believe it or not"—Statistics prove that John Kelley has been a much better boy this past year. Of course, it is only fair to inform the student body that his throwing arm went back on him the first week of school . . . Since we have Queens of This and Queens of That, let's elect Janie Franks "Queen of Enunciation and Pronunciation" . . . We sincerely believe that George Canucci is studious, but we are not gullible enough to think that he has been discussing homelessons with Arleen all year long . . . At first we thought Lydia was well-mannered because of circumstances beyond her control, but now we have come to the conclusion that she is pleasant by nature . . . If the Class of '42 ever became stranded on an island, it could still expect to eat, because Russell, Griswold, Carlisle, and Fillebrown all have excellent reputations as hunters . . . Boys, is Agnes Emond correct in believing that clothes make the girl? . . . Teddy has been a French student for quite some time, but the phrase that he translates with greatest ease is "cherchez la femme" . . . If you believe that the only causes worth fighting for are the lost ones, try to persuade Morton Sturtevant to speak more slowly . . . We, the Seniors, have been told by Mr. Mongan that we have maintained an exceptionally high scholastic average . . . May all our future endeavors be worthy of such high praise.

RICHARD GAVONE '42

Our Task

*Some years ago, vague fears assailed
Our country: fears of strife
That lightly touched America,
But held no threat to life.*

*Now, war is a reality,
Though vague and dimly felt
Except by those who have known pain
When death its blow has dealt.*

*Today we hear the drone of planes,
And still the trucks roll by;
We know full well that there's a task:
The patriot's flame burns high!*

*No longer need our wondering youth
Feel words are poorly spent
That tell us we must blaze the trail
To some new firmament.*

*In truth, we have a mighty task
To keep our nation free;
The torch is ours—we must not fail;
We fight for liberty!*

ELIZABETH VIETS '42



HONOR GROUP

Front Row: George Canucci, Helen Shaw, Lydia Mongan, Mrs. Raymond, Faith Millman, Jennette Franks, Harold DeCarli

Second Row: Barbara Skinner, Florinda Leal, Anna Scotti, Mary Kennedy, Connie Murray, Laura Resnick, Isabelle Pierson

Third Row: Robert Wilson, Roger Whiting, Richard Gavone, Richard Wirtzburger, Robert Cook, David Briggs, Samuel Franc



LITERATURE

R. Post

CONTENTMENT

*Few are the hearts where true content
Does in its fullness dwell,
And few are those who rightly prize
Its calm and holy spell.
He who true contentment feels,
However low his lot,
Holds in his hand a jewel rare
That will forsake him not.*

ELSIE SALMI '42

SEASCAPE

*Laces of foam on dazzling shores
Encrust the hem of the ocean strand;
Gleaming, glistening, shining and white,
Capriciously tossed by the ocean's hand.
Star-spattered skies shine darkly on
high;
Limpid, the ocean lies sleeping below,
Sighing in slumber, tossing a bit
While the breeze croons a Barcarolle
soft and low.*

LYDIA MONGAN '42

DIANA IN DECEMBER

*The moon
In shimmering, silvery silence
Shakes streams of scintillating snow-
stars
From out her sable cloak
Upon a sleeping countryside.
Then, sweeping up her silken skirts,
She silently departs;
And as she steals away to meet the sun-
rise,
She looks back, sees that all is peace,
And smiles.*

JENNETTE FRANKS '42

NOCTURNAL VISITANT

*I see the fog roll in at night
And hide the winking stars from
view.
It steals and creeps on muffled feet
And veils our town in dismal hue.
Along the roads the street lights bright
Are now choked by this clutching
dew.
When morning comes, the fog takes
leave
And drifts on to some other place:
Our town stands out in sunshine blessed.
The roads, wet from the fog's em-
brace,
Give ample proof for all to know—
A London night has passed in space.*

GEORGE CANUCCI '42

TRAVELLING MAN

*Christopher Clifford is packing his bag,
Christopher's going home—
He's travelling light with a change for
the night,
But he won't need a toothbrush or
comb.
Christopher's taking a bottle or two,
For Christopher's fond of his
drink—
A couple of flasks of the finest brew,
But it isn't the kind you'd think!
For Christopher Clifford is ten days old,
And he's leaving the hospital soon;
Snug in a beautiful blanket rolled,
He bids farewell with a tune.*

MARY MULCAHY '42



Last and First

Beside the back piazza
And bordering the lawn,
There stands a stately ash tree
That I love to look upon.

In spring, when all the neighbors' trees
Have sprouted sprigs of green,
Our temperamental ash tree
Is still leafless, stark, and clean.

But ere the heat of summertime
Requires protecting shade,
Our guard against the sun is then
In verdant garb arrayed.

When other trees in autumn
With matchless hues abound,
Our ash tree stands denuded,
Its leaves upon the ground.

And these, obedient to her call,
As winds blow high and low
To Nature's most eccentric child,
Are last to come, and first to go.

FAITH MILLMAN '42



My House

My house is on a grassy knoll
And overlooks the sea;
It battles all the winter storms,
But safely harbors me.

My house is low and rambling
With cozy little rooms,
Where in the winter evenings
No fear of world strife looms.

My house has two large sen-
tinels
Which guard my sleep at night;
The wind sighs through their
branches
And soothes my dreams till
light,

My house is more than shelter,
It grows in strength each year:
It has a personality
That will not disappear.

BETTY VIETS '42



Lullaby

The sun is set; and darkness
creeps
So softly o'er a weary country-
side.

Dark clouds hang low; the
pale moon peeps
Between the clouds, then slips
away to hide.

Soft snowflakes fall; all nature
sleeps

Beneath a glistening blanket,
far and wide.

So rest, my sweet; in slum-
ber's deeps

I leave you now. Sleep well
till morningtide!

JENNETTE FRANKS '42

SUNRISE

AS the blackness before dawn melted to a reddish grey, a group of men on a half-built bridge waited breathlessly for the first sight of the sun. "Hanged at sunrise" were the words which were running through the minds of all. With a circle of death draped loosely around his neck, a short, blond Confederate soldier glanced nervously toward a younger Yankee lieutenant. The sun was rising; in a moment there would be one less Confederate soldier in this troubled world.

Bowling Stuart had lived all his life in Virginia. At the age of twenty-five he had married a fair young Southern belle and had taken title to his father's plantation. With two children, he had lived happily for six years and now, when he was the happiest, the Yankees were separating him from all that he held dear. Enrolled as a colonel in the Confederate army, he had been captured just twenty miles from Southern territory. He had been sentenced to be hanged as a spy at sunrise on this morning of October 31, 1863.

When the lieutenant signaled, Bowling felt the support beneath give way. Down, down he went, the rope tightened, his neck snapped—was this water? Gasping for air while shots whizzed by from the bridge above, he ducked his head and drifted with the swirling current.

A mile down the river, he staggered upon the bank. Shivering from his wet clothes and the cold of the morning, he set out on a run to keep warm. "Only twenty miles to safety," he thought. "Ah! they won't catch me this time. It's a good thing I kept my eyes open while I was a captive."

As the sun climbed high overhead, he left the river to avoid a Northern encampment.

"How ironical! A week ago I was a condemned man in that very place. It would be fine indeed if I can get food there and steal a horse and uniform without being caught. Let me see; how can I do it? My matches are dry. I'll set the woods on fire and draw all the men from camp."

Quickly he lighted the surrounding underbrush and darted as fast as possible to a thicket outside the mess hall.

"There's the alarm. It won't be long now—there goes the chef."

He slipped silently in among the steaming kettles and ate hurriedly. Having found a worn uniform and a good horse, he left camp without much difficulty. By morning he would be sleeping in his own bed. He would see his children and hold his wife in his arms again.

Dawn streaked the sky as he rode past the fields which had once been filled with singing darkies. Then Lincoln had given to the nation the Emancipation Proclamation. The soft southern morning lightened his heart as he lifted the knocker on the front door. Steps were approaching.

"Bowling, it's you; you're home, darling!" sobbed his wife.

How tightly her warm arms held his neck—she was choking him! Everything went black; Colonel Bowling Stuart was dead.

"Right shoulder arms. Forward—march!"

The squad disappeared over the brow of a hill while the body of Colonel Stuart swung silently in the morning mist.

MALCOLM CHAMBERLAIN '43

Invitation

MANHATTAN NIGHTFALL

*With blood-red glow
I'd always seen the sun sink low
Behind the pine tree and the fir—
But once I saw her splash her fires
On every pane
In soaring, man-made towers;
Each tiny square
A blazing flash of light
Which all too soon flared out and died
As daylight melted into night.*

ISABEL BROWN '44

HE

*I love this debonair young lad
With straight, black hair and winning smile,
Eyes with power to beguile;
Dangling hands and awkward feet,
Tall and slim, but always neat;
A hand held out in friendliness,
A smile which speaks of manliness—
I love this debonair young lad,
The brother that I never had!*

JOAN ELDRIDGE '44

RHYTHMIC REFLECTIONS

*Each gleaming flame
Is a graceful sylph
Dancing a ballet
On charred logs of white pine.
The wind breathes—
Each leaping flame flickers;
The logs break—
Each shivering flame quivers,
Then gently fades away!*

WALTER ROBERTS '44

THE SEAMAN

*The Seaman is a wrinkled man—
A man who's scarred and aged;
His face is like the sea itself,
A sea that is enraged.*

*The Seaman is a withered man—
A man who's old and gray;
His sunken eyes are haunting eyes
Which dream the livelong day.*

*The Seaman is a mystic man—
A man from story books;
Though he's sailed the seas and seen the
world,
He always seaward looks.*

MILTON GLASSMAN '44

MASTERPIECE

*Last night, with frost crystals,
Mother Nature painted
A woodland scene upon my window pane.*

*Feathery ferns—
Fairest flowers—
Etched on a background of majestic trees.*

*Morning brought the sun—
Setting the forest
Ablaze with frozen fire.*

ROBERT VAN AMBURGH '44

to Beauty

WINTER WITCH

*When all the world was very still
And it was hardly light,
I woke and glanced outside my pane
And found a world of wondrous white.*

*A strange, enchanting sorceress
Had walked through nook and dell,
And with her cold and subtle kiss
Had cast a magic spell.*

*My tinkling brook was quiet now,
Its face was glassy blue—
And where my daisies used to grow
I found a drift of frozen dew.*

LOIS GUNTHER '44

TRANSITION

*The last star
Has winked out of the steel-grey sky—
And in the east,
A faint flush plays above the silver-plated
sea.*

*Suddenly the grey is ablaze
With the dazzling rays
Of the orange arc
Which slowly ascends
Into the vault of heaven
Until it sails, a ball of gold,
In the azure sky of early morn.*

ROBERT VAN AMBURGH '44

CHALLENGE

*The sea
Lies green and shimmering—
A scintillating emerald
Challenging all who gaze at it
To find fault
With its flawless beauty.*

FRANCES SCHEID '44

A TOAST

*In moorland meadows by the sea,
From rows of hay new-mown—
With every summer breeze to me
Delicious draughts are blown.*

*I breathe the fragrance of the rose,
The dainty lady's flower—
I taste the honey gift that goes
To make each clover's dower.*

*But most I like the fragrance fine
Pressed from long, sweet grass,
And poured like a transparent wine
Into the day's clear glass.*

BEVERLY FEINBERG '44

WINTER'S JEWELS

*Winter's first white jewels hang heavy on
the trees,
And crystal tears lie frozen, secured there
by the breeze,
While bushes, like a dainty froth of filmy
threadlike lace,
Caress the lake, so still it lies, a mirror is
its face.*

*The sun plays twinkling melodies upon each
new-dressed slope,
And with each note there comes a dream
of radiant, new-born hope;
So white the world and pure, in innocence
it lies,
Wrapped in silent, blissful sleep under
wintry skies.*

RUTH DALE '44

GARETH AND LYNETTE

WM. LAM'S VERSION

IT all happened one day after a graduate from the romper stage, named Gareth, pushed his kiddy car up to his mater's rocker and ran off at the mouth about the condition of the world. He said he was going to be one of King Arthur's torpedoes, and rub out the guys who were trying to muscle in on his territory. His maw, Bellicent, handed him a sob story because she was afraid he would get his anatomy spread over the landscape. Finally she let him go provided he would agree to undress potatoes in King Arthur's hash house for a year and a day.

Gareth played nursemaid to the onion bin for a while, but soon tired of crying over scallions. He was having trouble with the union anyway, so he went to King Arthur and told him that his real moniker was Gareth, and made the King promise that he should be allowed to assist the next damsel in distress.

One day a dame by the name of Lynette threw out her anchor at King Arthur's wickiup. With tears and mascara running down her cheeks, she demanded Sir Lancelot, the strong, silent, glamor boy who made all the girls' tickers function on a War Time basis, to free her sister from the Castle Perilous where she was held by four fugitives from a Tong War. King Arthur, however, remembered his promise to Gareth, and instead of Sir Lancelot, he nominated Gareth.

Lynette implied that King Arthur was an old fuddy duddy and tore out with a snit on. Gareth straddled his hay burner, released the brake, and galloped after Lynette! Who wouldn't?

After futzing around for a while, they met up with Morning Star. Gareth and Morning Star started throwing the bull over whose old man was who, so Gareth gave him a backhander and sent him on his way to King Arthur.

Lynette said he still smelled like Joe's Beanery and Gareth told her to stop slipping her clutch and get out of first speed. By this time they had sighted the next knight, Noonday Sun, who was really a flashy kid, but he lost his marbles when his horse slipped in the stream. Next Gareth encountered Evening Star, who had three or four layers of epidermis for armor plating. Evening star got a toe hold on him, and that made Gareth see red, so he blitzed him and threw him into the drink. About this time Lynette decided Gareth wasn't so gestanko and was ready to settle down to a quiet game of squiggin, but there was work to be done.

As Gareth went to battle Death, the last knight, his feet were cold enough to freeze the Madison Square Garden skating rink. When his knees stopped beating a Conga long enough to enable him to deliver a roundhouse right to Death's button, Gareth was amazed to see Death fold up like a wet dish rag, and upon looking under the tin hat, he found that Death was just a little shrimp stooging for the other three guys.

At this point authorities differ. Some say Gareth got spliced to Lynette, while others insist that Lady Lyonors, Lynette's sister, was the one who took the vow, but if Lynette let Gareth get away after he risked his life for her and took all those insults without yelling "Uncle," she couldn't have had much more on the ball than her finger prints.

Junior Poetry Page

THEY ALSO SERVE

You, working there beside that drill,
Why so glum? Does your heart not thrill
To thoughts that with each passing day
It's men like you who pave the way
To victory o'er savage hordes?

What's that you say? You'd rather serve
With fighting men, and show your nerve
To those who jibe and taunt and say
That you're not brave, you've run away
To hide behind your valued job?

Stand by your task! Be not dismayed.
Though there's no glory in your trade,
The true worth lies within your heart,
Because you know you've done your part
To rid the world of tyrant's reign.

And tell this to those taunting fools:
"They also serve who give us tools."

RICHARD KEARSLEY '43

MORTALITY

"And that, too, shall pass away" (Genesis)

Some day you'll turn to dust—
Back to whence you came,
To cover mortal cities
And bury dying fame.

Some day the winds will rage
Across the wasted strands,
And mortal eyes shall see no more
Those worlds beneath the sands.

Some day the moon will shine
Upon a cold, bleak stone,
And trace beneath a golden beam
A name that is your own.

WALTER SILVA '43

ADOLESCENCE

The happiest years of life, 'tis said,
Are those of teen-age youth,
But looking back on the life I've led,
I can relate, forsooth,
That Adolescence is watery cokes,
And yearning for portable "vics";
Just harmless gossip, fads galore
And school girls' hockey sticks;
It's a busy world, a dizzy world, this
Hazy, lazy adolescent world,
A disillusioning, exhausting time of strife,
And a glamorous, amorous time of life.

PHYLLIS LAWDAY '43

LAUGHTER

I hear it ringing from the children's room
When morning rays of sun are beaming
bright,
And when the fears of darkness start to
loom,
I hear it echo far into the night.
Its joyful sound escapes from happy
crowds;
Its merry tinkling soothes the sick and
weak:
And, even when the sky is black with
clouds,
I hear it pierce the storm most dark and
bleak.
From shelters crowded with both young
and old,
From ships that brave the dangers of the
sea,
From shacks that fail to block the storm
and cold,
I hear it shout at danger mockingly.
For laughter makes the hearts of men grow
light:
Let's thank the Lord for laughter, day and
night.

JEAN BOUTIN '43

THE MESSENGER

A tiny breeze this evening
Gently glided by;
It sped across the chimney tops
And through a winter sky.
It whirled the falling snowflakes
Into mounds of crystal white:
It kissed the land as it blew on,
And breathed a soft good night.

A tiny breeze in Europe
Sorrowfully blew by;
It heard the cannon roaring
And it heard the battle cry.
It hurried over rivers
And over lakes grown red;
It soothed the brows of soldiers,
And it gently kissed the dead.

In deep and tragic anguish
It rose above the din,
And wended its way toward Heaven
Whispering, "This is sin!"
God, heed this supplication:
All hearts are turned to Thee;
May hate and lust forever die,
And leave our country free!

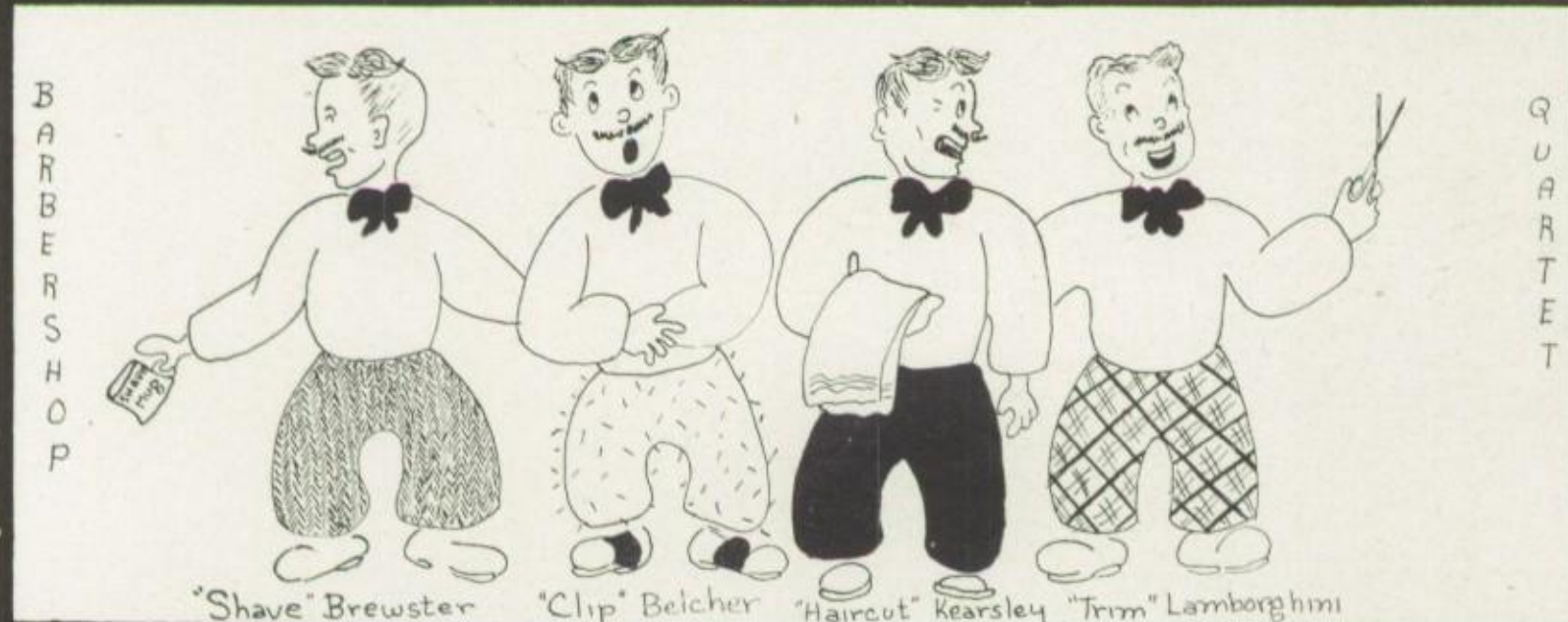
MARY CAPOZUCCA '43

Who's Who?

NO.	CHARACTERISTIC ACTION	CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION	MISCELLANEOUS CLUE
1.	Flashing a smile	Ssst!	Green plaid shirt
2.	Cracking her knuckles	Let's go!	Goes to diner at 1:00
3.	Straightening his tie	Howdy, doodie!	Girls
4.	Telling corny jokes	Oh, now now!	90 Common Errors
5.	Gesticulating	Oh, crumbs!	Acting
6.	Being a parliamentarian	Yeh!	Partial to class meetings
7.	Drawing roads	Oh, brother!	Harry James
8.	Making theoretical speeches	Gosh!	Technical terms
9.	Blushing	Wouldn't it kill ya!	Sports
10.	Getting Gris and Carlisle into trouble	Haw! Haw!	Blushing when Mrs. Raymond calls on him
11.	Puckering mouth when writing	Oh, sister!	Partial to Saturday Night basketball
12.	Driving a car	G'head!	Leslie's
13.	Sketching	Gad!	Hates to be called "Porky"
14.	Sneezing in first period	No, I'm the other one!	Knitting sweaters
15.	Day-dreaming	I'n 'at cunnin'!	Partial to blue eyes
16.	Passing notes	Huh?	Manomet
17.	Singing	Oh, crow!	Best girl citizen
18.	Twitching	S-s-t!	Style
19.	Whispering	Oh, Pauline!	Partial to Grey
20.	Volunteering in history class	In North Providence—	Gossiping
21.	Fiddling with her ring	Squatter sovereignty	Once upon a time—braids
22.	Jumping around	What's the matter?	Trig!
23.	Swinging her leg	Hi, hey!	French
24.	Curling hair around finger	Gad, man!	Basketball
25.	Folding his arms	Golly!	Hunting

Answers on Page 59

HERE 'N' THERE



Norm McNeil '43

CONSOLATION

THE 8:30 bell has rung, Cicero. Stop that shouting and sit down . . . What's the matter with you, Brutus? Are you jealous of Caesar? . . . I'm sorry, Virgil, I'll have to reject this poetry . . . No oral topic prepared, Cicero? Take a zero and see me after class . . . You say that an apple fell on your head, Newton, and now you have a headache? . . . Galileo, stop staring through that telescope! . . . Shakespeare, you are positively stupid! The composition you handed in is a perfect example of childish exaggeration . . . Bacon, you had better change your style of writing. As an essayist you'll never make the grade. . . Give me that paper, Wright! Pictures of airships! Humph! What's wrong with you? . . . Einstein, you failed miserably in that last physics quiz . . . Washington, I can't understand you. You'll never amount to anything."

Who knows what statesman, what famous poet, what great mathematician, or what mad inventor may be trembling today within the walls of P.H.S.?

GLADYS COHEN '43



PILGRIM STAFF

Front Row: William Lamborghini, Benjamin Brewster, Robert MacDonagh, George Radcliffe, William MacDonald, Loring Belcher, David Briggs

Second Row: Ruth Morton, Richard Kearsley, Jennette Franks, George Canucci, Gladys Cohen, Mary Anderson, Marcia Brooks

Third Row: Naomi McNeil, Jean Boutin, Marie Martinelli, Anna Scotti, Florinda Leal, Mrs. Raymond, Muriel Humphrey, Laura Resnick, Faith Millman, Betty Viets, Joan Eldridge

Fourth Row: Isabelle Pierson, Helen Shaw, Edward Cavicchi, Barbara Maloon, Marjorie Neal, Lydia Mongan, Harold Hayward, Isabel Brown, Virginia Lynch, Joan Holmes

Fifth Row: Roger Whiting, Edwin Bastoni, Richard Wirtzburger, Ronald Butterfield, Bernard Kritzmacher, Richard Gavone

Absentee: Nancy Bartlett

SOPHOMORE HALL OF FAME



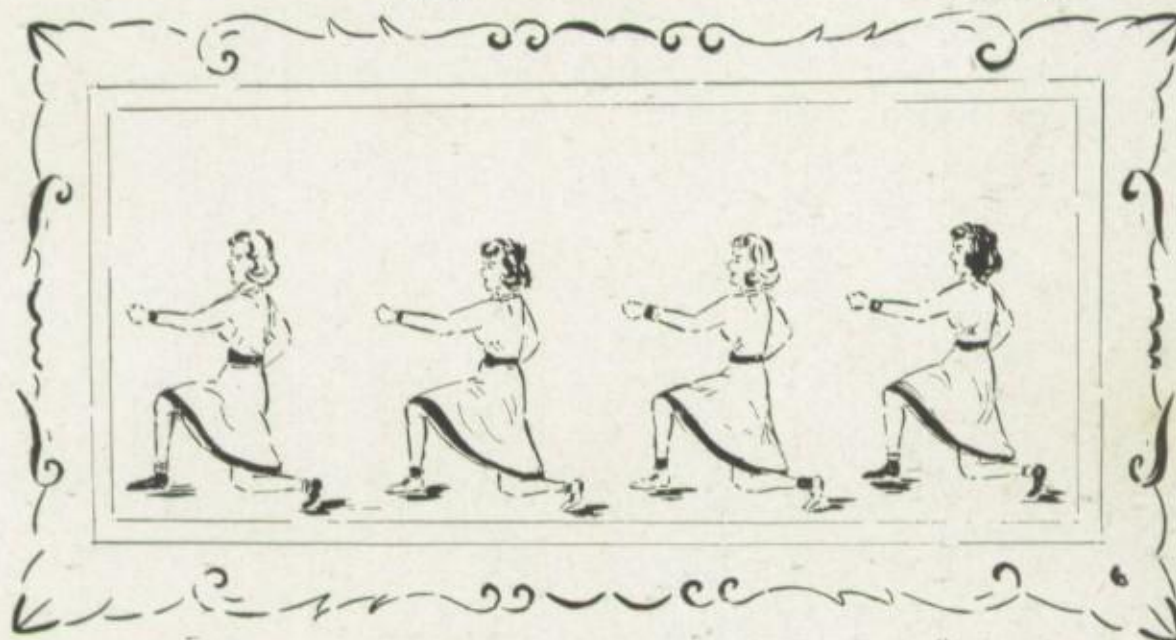
ANNA PEDERZANI
Her celebrated family trait
Is playing hard and shooting
straight.



HAROLD CAMELLO
He well deserves his portrait here,
For he excelled in sports this
year.



ISABEL BROWN
Three audiences she drove wild
By crying, "Fireman, Save My
Child!"



ANN **JEAN** **ARLENE** **LILLIAN**
In future years, we Sophomores deem,
They'll lend support to every team.



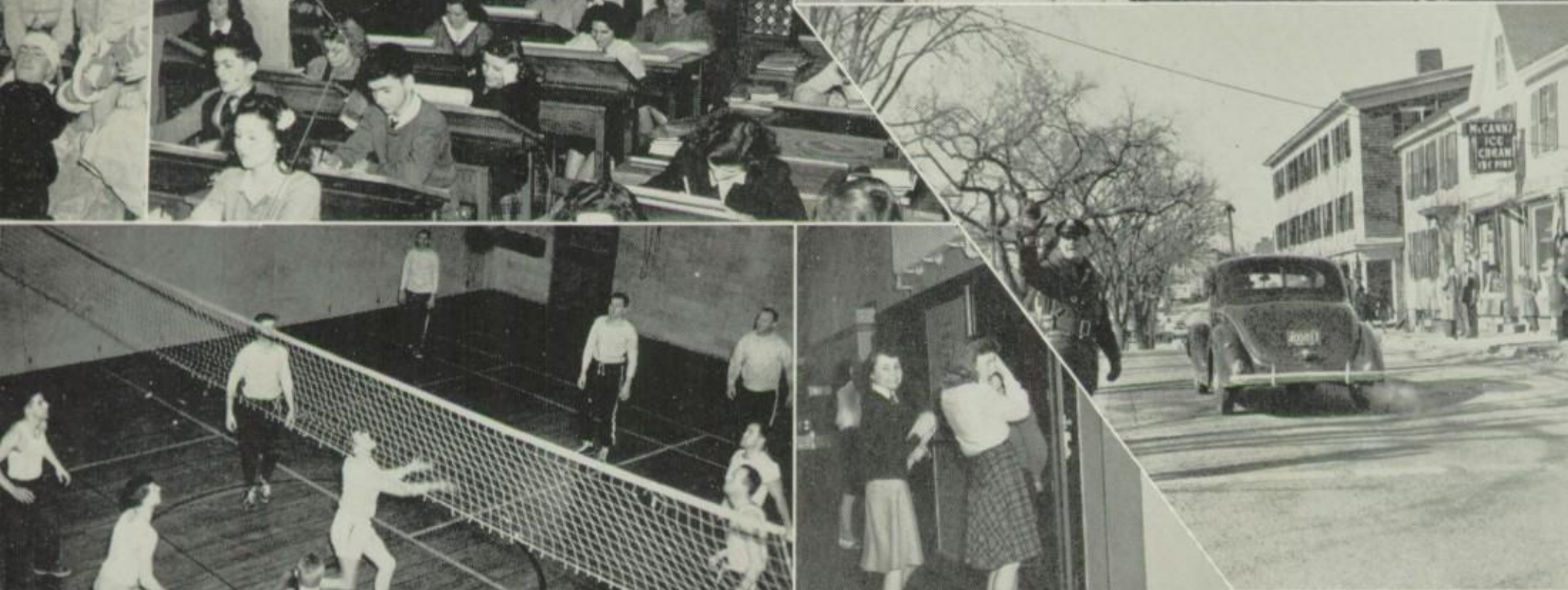
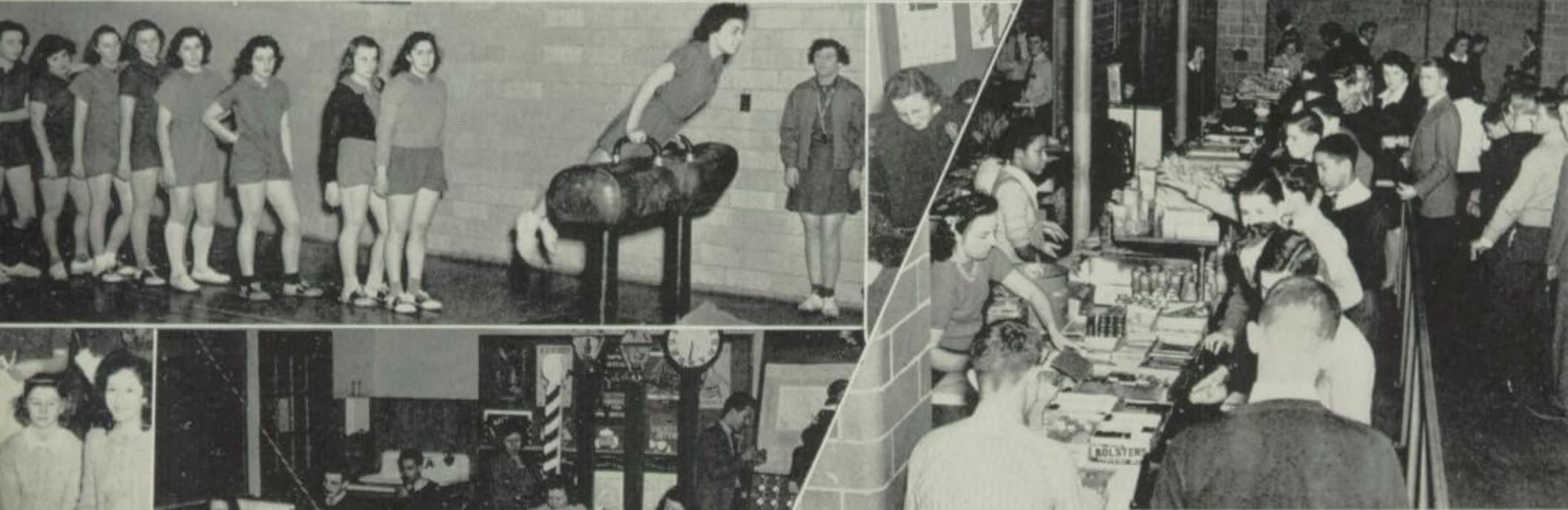
RUTH DALE
Our worthy Red Cross captain sits
And serves her country as she
knits.



REMO LODI
In oratory he surpassed
Three members of the Senior
Class.



ROBERT AGNONE
We're not the least bit hesitant
In lauding our Class President.







FOREIGN LANGUAGES



En guise d'introduction

Honorables et chers lecteurs,

Malgré les actualités formidables, qui se passent en France, et malgré tout ce qui arrive partout, nous écrivons en français avec la conviction que la France reprendra encore une fois son ancienne position dans le monde.

Paris, une des plus belles villes de l'Europe, est décrite en montrant quelques nouveaux aspects à cause de la guerre.

Aussi à cause de la guerre la vie à l'école n'est pas le même que celle de l'année dernière. Nous avons fait quelques observations à l'école et au dehors. Certaines sont très amusantes.

Nous avons écrit quelques anecdotes aussi pour vous amuser et pour vous faire rire.

Nous espérons que vous trouverez ces sélections-ci très intéressantes.

Bien à vous,

ANNA SCOTT '42

Mon Journal De

Paris D'autrefois et Paris D'aujourd'hui

le dix mai, 1935:

Les gens sont en foule sur les Champs-Élysées aujourd'hui comme je marche le long de l'avenue avec mon ami, Jean. Des personnes, gais et riants, s'amuse et parlent des incidents heureux qui viendront bientôt. Ces Parisiens sont très généreux et mon ami a donné même un dollar au mendiant qui passe au milieu de la foule. Les touristes visitent les places historiques et les points d'intérêt comme l'Hôtel des Invalides et comme la Cathédrale de Notre-Dame. Tout Paris et toute la France sont heureux au printemps de 1935.

le dix mai, 1941:

Encore les gens sont en foule sur les Champs-Élysées mais ils ne sont pas gais et joyeux comme ils l'étaient en l'année 1935. Tout le monde est tranquille et sur les bâtiments publics, le drapeau Nazi avec le Swastika flotte. On place les soldats Nazis partout dans "La France Occupée." Tout Paris et toute la France ont une haine amère dans son coeur pour les ennemis qui ont vaincu leur patrie bien-aimée. Tout le monde sait la faim ou la saura quand l'hiver viendra. Mais bien que la France fut vaincue, le peuple de ce pays ne perdra pas l'espoir qu'on délivrera leur pays des mains de leur ennemis.

DAVID BRIGGS '42

Un Paris Gai

Oui, il y a de la musique dans le Paris gai, capitale de la France. Mais ce n'est pas la musique "à la française." Non, malheureusement, elle est la bruyante mélodie des cafés de l'Allemagne. Les gens s'amusent. Les théâtres et les cinémas sont encore ouverts. Mais les gens de France ne voient pas les présentations qu'ils aimeraient voir. Ils ne peuvent pas lire ce qu'ils aimeraient lire. Ils sont contents? Les universités sont pleines d'étudiants, apprenant des choses plus belles que la guerre. Beaucoup de ces étudiants sont les soldats Allemands, mais les choses continuent malgré ces conditions. La Seine coule toujours. Les femmes battent le pavé pour voir les étalages dans les vitrines des magasins. Souvent les hommes se promènent le long des boulevards, regardant les places, les boutiques, et les églises. Dans les parcs, où les enfants jouent, l'herbe, les arbres, et les fleurs croissent aussi. Paris semblant gai. Mais est-il vraiment gai?

LAURA RESNICK '42

Est-ce Paris?

Du haut, en bas les étoiles d'hiver regardent une ville fracassée,—oui, fracassée—au moins, extérieurement,—mais son esprit est encore vivant! Une lamentation monte à leurs oreilles comme une mère qui sanglote pour son enfant. A ce gémissement, les feux célestes semblent faire halte par pitié. Ils entendent les débats chuchotés d'une rivière puissante.

Et alors, les astres clignotent et ils se disent:

"Cette ville là-bas ne peut pas être la même sur laquelle nous luisions! Où le rire et les allumettes ont-elles disparu? Et les amoureux qui aimaient se promener dans les jardins au clair de la lune, qui murmuraient des niaiseries douces, où sont-ils? Nous ne voyons plus les amants; nous n'entendons plus les mots tendres. Nous ne voyons que des bottes de fer; nous n'entendons que des ordres gutturaux! Qu'est-ce que c'est? Est-ce notre Paris, réellement?"

FAITH MILLMAN '42

Paris Hier et Aujourd'hui

Le bruit brusque des chevaux dans la nuit, les feuilles frémissant sur les arbres du Champs-Élysées, ce sont les souvenirs qui me viennent quand je pense à la vieille ville que j'aimais. Les cafés sur les rues étaient pleins de gens riant et sont pleines de tumulte gaie d'une nation qui jouit de la vie de son mieux.

Une marchande de fleurs crie ses merceries aux passants. Audessous des feux, l'odeur de marrons rôtis flotte dans l'air. Je me demande si ce Paris reviendra.

Aujourd'hui les Allemands sont à Paris: des soldats dans les cafés et de blondes jeunes femmes qui marchent sur les rues avec leurs "Baedekers" à la main. Au printemps, même que les arbres ont de nouvelles robes vertes et la Seine passe tranquillement devant la Cathédrale de Notre-Dame, il n'y a pas le même esprit de gaieté et de joie de vivre qui est si français. Peut-être dans les années qui viendront, Paris deviendra comme elle l'était—la plus belle ville du monde. Elle deviendra encore le centre de tout l'univers.

LYDIA MONGAN '42

Quelques Observations

Quels changements à l'école cette année-ci! Quels sont ces changements?

Est-ce que les élèves n'étudient pas? Mais non, c'est à cause de la guerre que les élèves sont très occupés. Il y a des élèves qui tricotent des bas et des mitaines pour les pauvres réfugiés. Des autres étudiants font des bandeaux pour La Croix Rouge. C'est pour une cause honorable ce travail-ci.

Beaucoup d'étudiants ont acheté des obligations épargnées et des timbres pour la défense de notre patrie.

On dit qu'il y aura une pénurie de papier bientôt. Eh bien, les élèves ne devront pas écrire trop, n'est-ce pas?

Les filles aînées parlent toujours de leurs cavaliers qui sont soldats. Puisqu'il y a des soldats qui séjournent dans l'ancienne école de l'autre côté de la rue, les jeunes filles sont toujours à la fenêtre. C'est l'uniforme, n'est-ce pas? Quelques soldats viennent à l'école pour manipuler les machines à écrire. Des autres soldats viennent à l'école pour jouer dans le gymnase.

Oui, il y a beaucoup de changements à l'école cette année.

ANNA SCOTTI '42

Le soldat et la petite fille

Un jour dans la ville de Plymouth, un personne en passant sur la rue Lincoln la vieille école, qui est un poste militaire maintenant aurait pu voir cet extraordinaire double-garde se promenant de long en large devant le bâtiment. Un armé avec un fusil, l'autre avec une petite voiture.

Tout le matin les deux gardes continuent à faire leurs devoirs. Le soldat et la petite fille.

Bien qu'il ne fut pas possible pour moi d'entendre la conversation, mon imagination me dit que bien que le soldat ne parla à personne, beaucoup de questions ont été posées et toujours l'inévitable "pourquoi"?

Quand l'heure pour déjeuner arriva, la petite fille quitta le soldat, qui continua sa garde.

Elle ne retourna pas pour continuer la garde avec son amie.

Cette histoire prouve que quelque soit l'âge, un homme en uniforme a son attraction pour les jeunes filles.

Eh, bien, c'est la guerre!

VIRGINIA LYNCH '42

Cinq et Cinq Font Dix

Un jour au printemps l'élève Jacques était très méchant. Peut-être la saison est la raison, mais qui sait? Il n'a pas fait son devoir.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" le maître s'est écrié. "Nous n'avons pas fait nos devoirs?" Pauvre petit Jacques: pour le punir, il lui a fait écrire dix phrases de pénitence. Le maître a dicté—"Nous sommes méchants, nous n'avons pas fait nos devoirs."

Avec cette punition terrible, Jacques revient chez soi, la tête courbée en pensée.

Vient le jour prochain, Jacques s'est présenté au maître, son papier à la main. Le maître étudie le papier. En lettres rondes et fermes cinq phrases sont écrites, c'est tout. "Mais où sont les autres?" demanda le maître.

"Monsieur," dit Jacques, "vous m'avez instruit! Il faut que nous écrivions dix phrases! Eh bien, vous complèterez le papier, n'est-ce pas?"

LYDIA MONGAN '42

Le Voyageur et Les Langues

Tout le monde aime à voyager et voir les grandes et belles cathédrales et les longues avenues dans le monde.

Dans une petite ville près de Paris, il y a un petit hôtel. Sur la porte une enseigne lit "Ici on parle l'anglais, l'espagnol, l'allemand, le russe, et l'italien."

Un voyageur qui entre dans l'hôtel demande au propriétaire, "Où sont les interprètes?"

"Les interprètes?"

"Oui, l'enseigne sur la porte dit qu'on parle cinq langues étrangères ici."

"Mais oui, mais oui. On parle ces langues ici. Ce sont les voyageurs qui les parlent."

DAVID BRIGGS '42

Charles et les quatre saisons

Un jour, quand Charles était à l'école, son professeur commença à parler des saisons de l'année.

Il dit, "Les quatre saisons sont l'été, l'hiver, le printemps, et l'automne." Charles n'écoutait pas.

"En été il fait chaud, en hiver il fait froid, au printemps on cueille le fruit, et en automne les feuilles tombent des arbres." Ensuite le professeur demande à Charles, "Quand est le meilleur temps pour cueillir les pommes?"

Charles hésita et ensuite il dit, "Le meilleur temps pour les pommes est quand le fermier est dans la maison et le chien de garde n'y est pas aussi."

GERALD LONGHI '42

L'homme Content

Sur un jardin superbe à Paris était écrit l'inscription suivante—Je donnerais ce jardin à l'homme qui est content.

Un jeune homme, qui désira avoir ce jardin qui est si beau, chercha le propriétaire. Il le trouva. Tout de suite le propriétaire demanda—Êtes-vous content?

L'autre répliqua—Oui, je suis toujours content.

Le vieillard dit—Non, vous n'êtes pas content. Une personne qui désire quelque chose qui n'est pas à lui n'est pas content.

JOAN HOLMES '42

Georges Attend

Georges n'était jamais heureux à l'école.

Un jour son père lui a dit, "Georges, mon petit, qu'est-ce que tu fais à l'école? Est-ce que tu apprends à lire un peu?"

"Non."

"Est-ce que tu apprends à écrire un peu?"

"Non."

"Eh bien, qu'est-ce que tu fais à l'école?"

Georges répond à son père, "Moi, j'attends l'heure de sortir!"

ANNA SCOTTI '42

Un Cas Grave

Un homme, Paul Dufour, alla chez son médecin pour voir pourquoi il ne dort pas. Il dit qu'il se couche à dix ou onze heures.

Le médecin demanda, "Vous ne pouvez pas dormir? Vous vous réveillez deux ou trois heures après que vous vous couchez?"

"Non, je dors jusqu'au matin."

"Est-ce que vous vous levez tard ou de bonne heure?"

M. Dufour dit, "Je me lève à neuf ou dix heures le matin, et le dimanche à midi."

"Pourquoi me demandez-vous pourquoi vous ne dormez pas?"

Paul Dufour répondit, "Parce que quand je veux me reposer pendant la journée je ne peux pas dormir."

CHARLOTTE VALLER '42



LATIN SCHOLARS

He built a bridge, he crossed the
Rhine,
A mighty band had he:
So Caesar wrote in ancient times
To show how great was he.

And Cicero told of Catiline
His life, his deeds, his end:
His clear-cut style you skim with
ease
And little time need spend.

At last you've reached the final
year
And Vergil lies before—
And, though you find Aeneas good,
He sometimes is a bore.

How oft, I wonder, would these
men
In ghostly wrath arise
If only they could hear the way
We try to improvise.

GLADYS COHEN '43

THE LATIN HOUR

With apologies to Henry Longfellow
Between my supper and bedtime,
When my mother begins to
glower,
Comes a pause in the day's occu-
pation
That's known as the Latin Hour.

I see from my seat at the table
Verbs jumping out by the pair;
Queer "esse" and simple "rogare,"
And "fero" with parts like "fer."

Do you think, O puzzling subjunc-
tive,
Because you come hard to me
That such an old scholar as I am
Is not a good match for thee?

I'll have you fast in my brain cells,
And will not let you depart,
But inscribe you deep in my mem-
ory
And forget not even a part.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day—
Till the wall of knowledge shall
crumble,
And Latin shall moulder away.

JANE REYNOLDS '43

Georgius Canuccius S. D. Publio Tuscano

Orbis terrae multum mutavit ab tempore ubi tibi scripsi. Tum omnia erant placidissima in orbe terrae, sed nunc bellum, ira Martis confectum, per orbem terrae vagatur. Mali viri, similes bellicoso Hannibali, et ignari se numquam victuros esse, nostram patriam delere et regnare orbem terrae temptant. Coniurationem, vagantem late, fecerunt, et iam multae parvae nationes, similes provinciis in Gallia, sub eorum imperio ceciderunt. Nunc America quoque in pugnam tracta est. Modi vitae nostrae bello pro libertate iurum hominis mutati sunt, et omnis civis patriae suae auxilio omnes suos labores pollicitus est. Brevi tempore ei mali dictatores deicientur et viri huius coniurationis, similes viris Catilinae coniurationis, multabuntur. Omnes cives, qui pacem amant, petunt diem cum omnes nationes sub Deo in condicionem novam libertatis invenient, et certe id imperium populi, ab populo, populo non ab orbe terrae numquam peribit. Dic mihi qua condicione res in tua patria sint. Vale.

GEORGE CANUCCI '42

GRIDIRON REVIEW

PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL was represented by a fine football team this year. The boys were noted for their spirit and coöperation with one another and with their coaches, Mr. John Walker and Mr. Mario Romano, who deserve much praise for the excellent record of the team. Captain Albert Post played stellar football through the season, and his versatility was an important factor in Plymouth victories. The first practice was delayed this year, and the boys did not report until September 8, twelve days before the first game.



PLYMOUTH 6 — HINGHAM 0

On September 20, Plymouth eked out a six to nothing win over a husky Hingham High team. The game was a scoreless tie until, in the last twenty seconds of the game, Hingham tried an aerial which was intercepted by Silvio Adamo. He raced sixty-five yards, and, with the aid of a good block by Arthur Moskos, scored the winning touchdown.

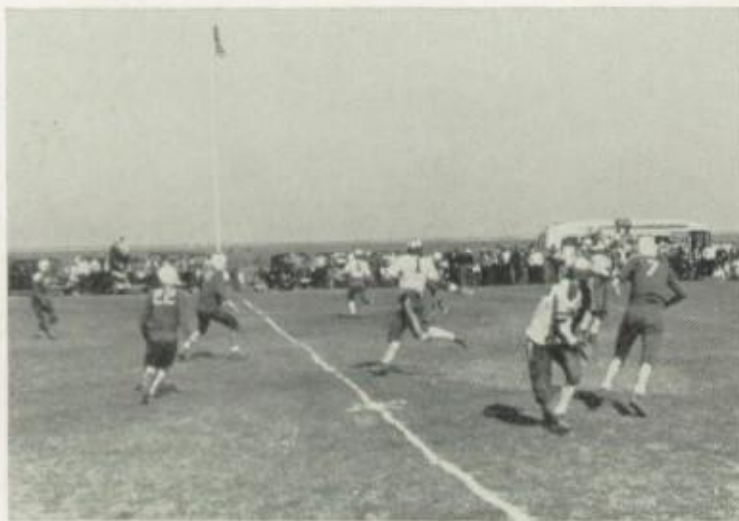
PLYMOUTH 8 — ABINGTON 0

After two years of decided supremacy over Plymouth gridiron teams, Abington High bowed in defeat. The Green and White came to Plymouth on September 27 with a fine following which expected to go home victorious. In the third period Silvio Adamo scampered around left end for the score. The try for the extra point failed, but two points were gained later when George Heath blocked an Abington kick and recovered in the end zone for a safety.

PLYMOUTH 13 — ROCKLAND 19

Plymouth High suffered its first loss when it traveled to Rockland on October 4, where, for the first time in twenty-one years, a Rockland eleven outscored a Plymouth High football team. Plymouth had a one-point lead at the half, but, with only ninety seconds of the third period gone, Harold Caramello, a sophomore, scored. Then Rockland scored twice in the last few minutes of play and assured itself of a victory. Despite the loss, the Plymouth boys showed that they could take as well as give it.

PLYMOUTH 19 — BRIDGEWATER 6



With a large following, Plymouth journeyed to Bridgewater on October 18. Albert Post scored only once during the first half, but throughout the third quarter Plymouth showed unquestionable superiority. Plymouth reserves saw plenty of action during the last stanza, and Bridgewater scored once. Allen Longhi, a junior, gave a fine running exhibition, which won him a starting berth the following Saturday.

PLYMOUTH 6 — MIDDLEBORO 0

Middleboro came to Stephens Field on October 25. The Orange and Black running attack was superb, and Plymouth was forced to fight for every inch gained. It was not until the second half that Plymouth tallied on a pass from Maccaferri to Post. Joseph Tavernelli, an end, won himself a starting position against Whitman because of his fine defensive play in this game. Captain Varney of Middleboro was outstanding in the Orange and Black offense.

PLYMOUTH 20 — WHITMAN 0

With four inches of mud on the playing field, Plymouth played its finest game of the season. Sport fans were amazed at the way Plymouth outclassed Whitman, which had previously been undefeated. Only once during the whole game did Whitman threaten to score, and then Plymouth stoutly held on its own twenty-yard line. Albert Post played the best game of his career, scoring three times and adding one point after a touchdown. It was, indeed, a happy day for Plymouth High School.

PLYMOUTH 37 — NANTUCKET 0

Plymouth was highly favored over the Islanders, and the outcome did not create a surprise. Plymouth collected only twelve points in the first half. However, the latter periods produced some great passing by Harold Maccaferri and some fine running by Post and Adamo, which accounted for the heavy scoring.

PLYMOUTH 7 — WEYMOUTH 28

Plymouth tasted defeat for the second time during the season at the hands of a very powerful Weymouth High School football team. The Plymouth team was without the services of their ace passer, Harold Maccaferri, yet they scored on Weymouth as much as has any other opponent this year. The Plymouth score was the result of a blocked kick by George Heath with Joseph Tavernelli recovering for Plymouth. With three straight line plunges, Captain Post ran for the touchdown and added the extra point. Ted Martin gave a masterful kicking performance, while George Butters did commendable work backing up the line.

. . STATISTICS . .

SCORING: Plymouth scored 116 points against opposition.
Opposition scored 53 points against Plymouth.
Plymouth won six games and lost two.
Plymouth scored on all opposition.
Five teams failed to score on Plymouth.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING:

	<i>Touchdowns</i>	<i>Points after Touchdown</i>	<i>Total</i>
Albert Post	10	4	64
Silvio Adamo	6	1	37
Harold Maccaferri	1	1	7
Harold Caramello	1	0	6
George Heath	safety		2
		<i>Total</i>	116

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opposition</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>P. H. S.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
Sept. 20	Hingham	Away	6	0
Sept. 27	Abington	Here	8	0
Oct. 4	Rockland	Away	13	19
Oct. 18	Bridgewater	Away	19	6
Oct. 25	Middleboro	Here	6	0
Nov. 1	Whitman	Here	20	0
Nov. 8	Nantucket	Away	37	0
Nov. 15	Weymouth	Away	7	28
		<i>Total</i>	116	53



FOOTBALL

Front Row: George Heath, George Butters, Benjamin Brewster, Albert Post, Silvio Adamo, Theodore Martin, Charles Peterson

Second Row: Mr. Walker, Harold Maccaferri, Murdock Christie, Joseph Tavernelli, Richard Wirtzbarger, Harold Caramello, Loring Belcher, Mr. Romano

Third Row: Allen Longhi, Theodore Collas, Henry Carvalho, Ronald Butterfield, Sidney Shwom, Alvin DeCost, Arthur Moskos



TRACK

Front Row: Edmund Axford, Roger Whiting, John Kelley

Second Row: Paul Brewster, Walter St. George, Mr. Guidaboni, Evan Yates, William Dern

OFF THE BACKBOARDS



ANOTHER fine basketball team proved its mettle this year by winning eleven games out of a possible twenty during an exceptionally tough schedule. Pre-season predictions placed Plymouth on the weak side of the fence, but the "experts" quickly changed their minds when the Blue and White nosed out a very strong Alumni team 54-21. The season's initial week was completed with two more victories, one over a clever Abington High School team and another over Hyannis.

Later in the season, Hyannis managed to stop our lads by a score of 35-30, but Abington was scalped 55-26.

Plymouth's early victory streak continued with a 32-25 win over Hingham, but in the next contest it was halted by Rockland High. Rockland overcame an early Plymouth lead to squeeze in a last-minute 30-26 win. It was a heart-breaking game for Plymouth to lose, especially when in the next encounter Rockland nipped Plymouth again in a thrilling overtime game at Rockland by a score of 35-32.

The outcome of the game at Stoughton threw a pail of water on Plymouth's red hot tournament hopes as the Shiretowners bowed to last year's tournament champs, score 55-27. However, Plymouth overwhelmed East Bridgewater in both games of the series. North Quincy, a new school on Plymouth's schedule, snatched two victories from the Blue and White, while another recent newcomer, North Attleboro, bowed twice. After swamping Bridgewater at Plymouth, the Shiretowners played a disappointing game at Bridgewater, losing the contest 33-25.

Plymouth ended its regular schedule by defeating Stoughton High School, the South Shore Champions, by a score of 30-28 at Plymouth.

.. The South Shore Tournament ..

IN the first round of the tournament, Plymouth was pitted against Abington High School. The Blue and White experienced great difficulty in downing the Green and White. However, Plymouth emerged from the final stanza as the victor by a good margin of 37-25. Gerald Romano led the Shiretowners' attack with fifteen points to his credit, while Captain Pederzani contributed thirteen points toward the victory.

Plymouth encountered Middleboro High School in the semi-finals. Both squads were at the peak of their performance, and the resulting contest was a thriller. The first three periods featured no lead by either team, but a sustained Plymouth drive in the final stanza ended the contest in another Plymouth win by a score of 34-29.



For a second time in three consecutive years the Shiretowners reached the finals. Their opponent this year was Stoughton High School. Led by Captain Pederzani, who accumulated twenty points during the game, Plymouth remained only four points short of a tie at the end of the first half. During the remaining periods, Stoughton's height began to tell on the Plymouth lads as Stoughton started grabbing backboard rebounds and turning them into scores. When the final whistle blew, Stoughton had retained its South Shore Championship for another year by a score of 44-30.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1941-1942

Date	Opponent	Place	Opp.	Score P. H. S.
December 23	Alumni	Here	51	54
January 2	Abington	Away	28	36
January 6	Hyannis	Here	29	43
January 7	Hingham	Away	25	32
January 9	Rockland	Here	30	26
January 13	Stoughton	Away	55	27
January 14	N. Attleboro	Away	31	34
January 16	Bridgewater	Here	21	50
January 20	Rockland	Away	35	32 (overtime)
January 23	E. Bridgewater	Here	19	47
January 27	E. Bridgewater	Away	33	45
January 30	North Quincy	Away	30	19
February 3	North Quincy	Here	35	28
February 6	Middleboro	Away	42	38
February 10	Hyannis	Away	35	30
February 13	N. Attleboro	Here	32	38
February 17	Bridgewater	Away	33	25
February 20	Hingham	Here	24	23
February 24	Abington	Here	26	55
February 27	Stoughton	Here	28	30
Total			642	712

BROCKTON TOURNAMENT

March 7	Abington	1st round	25	37
March 13	Middleboro	semi-finals	39	44
March 14	Stoughton	finals	44	30
Total			108	111



BASKETBALL

Left to Right: Arthur Pederzani, Richard Wirtzburger, Joseph Tavernelli, Robert Cingolani, Harold Caramello, Roger Whiting, George Butters, Gerald Romano, David Maccaferri, Alfred Holmes, Mr. Walker

.. PUGNO PENS A NOTE ..

Lincoln Street Kennels
Plymouth, Massachusetts
September '41—April '42

DEAR SPORT FANS:

First I must explain who I am, and why I am writing this letter. I'm a wooden Boston bull-dog adopted by the hockey girls at the beginning of their season. Upon adoption, I was christened "Pugno" (I fight!) and I then became their official mascot. I travelled about with them to share victories and defeats, and I can therefore give you first-hand information concerning their sports activities.

The girls had an excellent program this fall in which many girls participated in class and school games. After several weeks of stick-work and scrimmages the first and second team line-ups were chosen. As usual, most of the first team were Seniors, but there were four Juniors who earned positions on this team and I, for one, admit that they were GOOD!

"Scooping" around the records, I find that this team opened the season with the most decisive victory over



Pembroke and the most devastating defeat from the sticks of Scituate that has been experienced for many years. I was there behind the goal posts yipping for the girls, and, even though they lost, I'm dogmatic enough to state that they took their defeat like real sportsmen. I am also still wagging my tail with pride and joy, because this was the only defeat during the entire season. They played ten games,

winning six, tying three, and losing one. Perhaps I should bark a reminder to the girls that they give due credit to their practise opponents, for the second team played through the season undefeated and unscored upon.

The girls and I achieved one distinction—we were the first team to engage in a free-for-all scrimmage with the football boys. The spectators shrieked with laughter when the Coach and his squad dashed on the field, appropriately uniformed in romper suits and kerchiefs, ready to beat the girls at their own game. Coach Walker, promptly nicknamed the "Red Terror," was outstanding in Mrs. Garvin's red instructor's tunic. He fought everywhere for the ball, and finally succeeded in securing it for a solo dash that tied the score. During the game the boys were a bit rough, but the girls managed to hold their own.

The hockey season ended on Thanksgiving morning when a surprisingly large number of Alumnæ played against the school team. After a hard hour of battling, my team ended their schedule with a 2-0 victory.

The fresh air and sunshine, the exercise in barking, and the food at

Dutchland Farm stands have improved my health to such an extent that I shall surely rear all my puppies to be future Plymouth mascots.

After being in the dog-house for two weeks, I finally crawled out and sniffed about in search of a ball—a basketball. It was then that I found fifty girls ready to participate in intramural games.

On Washington's birthday my girls played their first game against the Alumnæ, and won by a 24-17 score. Next I witnessed an unusually interesting play-day game in the company of Superintendent Burr F. Jones and Mr. Anson B. Handy, President of Hyannis State Teachers College, in the school gymnasium. Plymouth and Hyannis girls formed four Color Teams so that there were three girls from each school on a team. After two games had been played, the winners competed in a final game for the championship. The records showed that of the total eighty-eight points scored during the entire afternoon, Plymouth girls made forty-seven points and that Captain Mary Mulcahy was among the high scorers.

A series of interscholastic class games was played with Middleboro, Bourne, Hingham, and Scituate in which Plymouth teams had an opportunity to observe the technique of their opponents, improve their own skills, and make many new friends. The only defeat for the senior team, and a one-point one at that, was inflicted by the Scituate girls, the South Shore Champions of 1942.

Fine spring days ushered in badminton, bowling, shuffleboard, and ping pong tournaments. These sports attracted many students—even the boys, who attempted to show the girls the RIGHT way to play.

In closing, I wish to thank the girls for the many exciting afternoons I spent with them, and to express the hope that next year's teams will see fit to adopt me as their mascot.

Doggedly yours,
PUGNO





HOCKEY

Front Row: Helen Shaw, Florinda Leal, Marjorie Neal, Mary Goddard, Anna Scotti, Frances Barlow, Pauline Holmes, Dolores Tarantino

Second Row: Mary Capozucca, Janice Cavicchi, Ann MacLeod, Betsey McCosh, Jean Boutin, Mrs. Garvin, Rose Brigida, Janice Knight, Naomi McNeil, Faith Millman, Mary Taddia

Third Row: Joan Chiari, Natalie Sampson, Laura Resnick, Marion Clark, Marie Sance, Anna Pederzani, Marcia Holmes, Gloria Tracy, Elide Benati, Norma Johnson, Peggy Youngman, Doris Bergonzini, Shirley Collins



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: Phyllis Ginhold, Marie Martinelli, Mary Goddard, Mary Mulcahy, Florinda Leal, Anna Scotti

Second Row: Helen Sherman, Betsey McCosh, Naomi McNeil, Rose Brigida, Janice Knight, Jean Boutin, Eleanor Nicoli, Peggy Youngman

Third Row: Lillian Shaw, Joan Eldridge, Elide Benati, Anna Pederzani, Joan Chiari, Natalie Sampson, Jean Maccaferri, Nancy Bartlett

Absentees: Mrs. Garvin, Marcia Brooks

Alumni Notes

Nichols Junior College
Dudley, Massachusetts
January 24, 1942

Dear Alumni Editors,

After graduating from P. H. S. in 1935, I entered the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University; at the end of my sophomore year, I transferred to Pembroke College, where I majored in French language and literature.

During my senior year I was appointed student assistant in the college library. This work interested me so much that I decided to become a librarian.

In the year following graduation from Brown (of which Pembroke College is a part), I worked as a salesgirl at the Shepard Store in Providence, and after Christmas I returned to Plymouth to take a position as a volunteer worker in the Loring Reading Room. In June I became a guide at Pilgrim Hall.

In September, 1940, I obtained a position as librarian at Nichols Junior College, a college of business administration for young men. The work is very interesting, but I find after a year and a half that I still have much to learn about the many phases of business studied here. During my time off I enjoy the sports programs, concerts, plays, and all other extracurricular activities, so I feel more like a student than a librarian.

Yours very sincerely,

LUCY M. HOLMES

Apt. E, Russell Building
Plymouth, Massachusetts

Dear Alumni Editors,

Why the career of the President of the Class of 1923 has not been more distinguished can be readily explained by any of my classmates, who know that I was elected by a fluke, the two more popular and worthy candidates splitting the vote, allowing the least worthy to win.

After graduating from Plymouth High, I attended State College in Lewiston, Maine, earning my tuition and other expenses by writing for the *Lewiston Sun*, and by performing many humbler tasks. Cross-country running, winter sports, and the literary editorship of the college paper were my principal campus activities.

After my sophomore year, I did not return to college for financial reasons, but I remained in Plymouth, earning money in various ways. The following fall, I entered Bowdoin College as a Junior, joined the Sigma Nu fraternity, and continued my studies and college activities. I was graduated with honors in 1928.

Immediately after my graduation, I went to New York, to work in a large advertising agency. After three years as a copywriter, I was able to go abroad. In Paris, I studied at the Alliance Française, the University of Paris, and the École de Louvre. I received a teaching fellowship at the École de Garçons in Rennes, with the privilege of continuing my studies at the University of Rennes.

Upon my return from Europe, I wrote for the *Plymouth County News*, and later did similar work for the *Old Colony Memorial*. Anticipating at that time the military crisis which is only now upon us, I enlisted in the U. S. Army, and served in Hawaii, eventually taking charge of operations for the 19th Pursuit Squadron.

After three years in the army, I returned to civilian life and the *Old Colony Memorial*. I am now editing a newspaper in Weymouth, and writing some of the editorials for the Plymouth paper.

Best wishes to you all,

E. REYNOLDS MOSMAN, '23

At Sea

January 22, 1942

Dear Alumni Editors,

After leaving P. H. S. in 1929, I was granted the degree of B. S. in Mechanical Engineering at Northeastern University in 1934. I was then an engineer at the Plymouth Cordage Company until May, 1937, at which time I became a Steam Boiler and Pressure Vessel Inspector for the Mutual Boiler Insurance Company of Boston.

In 1938, I was lucky enough to convince a young lady from Taunton, named Evelyn Farrow, that "Yes" was the right answer. After living in Jamaica Plain less than two years, we designed and built our own home in Natick.

I continued to growl in true Inspector fashion about boiler ailments from Massachusetts to Wisconsin until May, 1941, when Uncle Sam took me off the reserve list and ordered me to active duty as an Ensign in the U. S. Navy.

When I return, I'll be able to spin yarns on end, but many considerations preclude that now.

Thank you for the opportunity to edge my way into the columns of *THE PILGRIM* again. As an old Business Manager, of course I realize that a good two-inch ad would be far more valuable.

Sincerely,

MORTON S. PRATT

World Radio University
Boston, Massachusetts
December 2, 1941

Dear Alumni Editors,

Since the rosy days of Graduation, I've gone through Boston University, and taken courses at Harvard and University Extension. I got my first job as cub reporter on the *Cambridge Chronicle-Sun*, covering everything from women's club meetings to police news and City Hall. Then I worked on the late-lamented *Boston Evening Transcript*, covering Cambridge and special assignments—and loving every moment of it.

For one year, I combined newspaper work with the job of teaching journalism to students at the Cambridge Preparatory School. Within a few months I had shifted my field entirely and gone into radio.

Here at Shortwave Station WRUL, I have charge of the correspondence from the Americas and countries abroad. It is a completely fascinating job. In one day, you find yourself transported, through the pages of letters, from the Back Bay to a little apartment in Turkey where a Medical student and his wife live, listening to WRUL; you go to Ankara, The Hague, to Zurich, to Oslo, occupied France . . . Our letters are from many lands, censored and uncensored, and in many languages. It makes you feel as though you had been in those countries, known the people, to read their intimate and friendly letters! And now and then, these good, unseen friends send in small tokens, much cherished because we know the sentiment behind them.

After working hours, I do some writing—a few plays, Children's plays and stories, some poetry. And I have my home and a husband—who is a newspaper editor—and that keeps me quite busy. We both collect antiques and enjoy refinishing them in the cellar!

I remember with very real appreciation the teachers in Plymouth High School who gave so generously of their own knowledge and guidance, and would like to send each one my very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

E. HARRIETT DONLEVY
(Mrs. George Edward Connor)

Dear Alumni Editors,

The year following my graduation, I remained as a post-graduate and a general nuisance to the faculty. The next summer I started my career as a soda clerk, and that fall I was given an opportunity to report for a newspaper.

I was doing extremely well, when one evening I was assigned to "cover" a large society party in a quaint little Cape Cod town. Having attended this type of party on numerous previous occasions, and having a prior engagement to sit in on a hand of pinochle, I wrote the story of the party, and sent it to the press the afternoon *before* the party was to take place. The hostess caught the measles and cancelled the party, and the editor cancelled my contract.

Soon, I received a job on the "Banana Royal Production Line" at the Camp Edwards canteen. My job, with three helpers, was to put the whipped cream, cherries, and nuts on the huge sundaes as they rolled down the endless chain. One day, during a heated game of "gin-rummy," the four of us allowed twenty dishes to shoot through unadorned.

I next took a position as restaurant manager in the recreation building at The U. S. Naval Air Station at Quonset Point, R. I., but it was of short duration; I am now back making sodas at the Howard Johnson stand in West Roxbury, and intend next year to further my education in some institution of higher learning.

Best of luck to the class of '42!

RICHARD H. TUBBS
President, Class of 1939

West Wareham, Massachusetts
January 11, 1942

Dear Alumni Editors,

Since I graduated in June, 1939, I have been in the cranberry business with my father; I have found this work very interesting, and I shall, no doubt, continue to grow cranberries as long as they are saleable.

Beyond the usual running around which every young fellow does, cranberries have been the center of my activities, and will continue to be, excepting, of course, any participation in the present world conflict which I may take. I could describe the processes involved in growing cranberries, but that would make a long and uninteresting story for your readers.

Sincerely yours,

NAHUM H. MORSE

Baltimore, Maryland
December 3, 1941

Dear Alumni Editors,

After graduating from high school, I spent the summer working, and in the fall of 1937, entered Radcliffe College. I majored in English literature, but found that my interest was beginning to be taken up more by modern American literature. Therefore my thesis was written on John Dos Passos' trilogy, "U. S. A."

I took as many writing courses as possible, and writing remains one of my chief interests.

In the fall of my senior year I was married to Robert Pecsok, who had graduated from Harvard the year before, and who was in training for supervisory work at Proctor and Gamble, here in Baltimore.

After I received my A. B. degree last June, I came to Baltimore; I want to study for another degree, so, if all goes well, I shall begin in February to work towards my master's degree at Johns Hopkins University.

I wish you all much success with THE PILGRIM. It does not seem so very long ago that I was worrying about it, but it was pleasant work and profitable, as I learned later when my experience helped me in my labors for Radcliffe's weekly paper, and its magazine, "ETC."

Sincerely,

MARY BODELL PECSOK

(Mrs. Robert L. Pecsok)

KEY TO "WHO'S WHO?"

No.	Name	No.	Name
1.	Edwin Eastoni	13.	Marie Martinelli
2.	Frances Barlow	14.	Betty Viets
3.	Bernard Boudrot	15.	Janie Franks
4.	Tommy Brewer	16.	Connie Murray
5.	Marcia Brooks	17.	Faith Millman
6.	Harold DeCarli	18.	Lydia Mongan
7.	Mary C. Donovan	19.	Marcia Holmes
8.	Samuel Franc	20.	Ronald Butterfield
9.	Mary Goddard	21.	Anna Scotti
10.	Stewart Hatch	22.	Helen Shaw
11.	Muriel Humphrey	23.	Joan Holmes
12.	Virginia Lynch	24.	Roger Whiting
		25.	Richard Parks

THE MUSICOLUMN

Plymouth . . . September, 1941

THE GIRLS' SEXTET was again organized, with three new members to replace graduates—sopranos, Marjorie Neal and Faith Millman; second sopranos, Cynthia Holmes and Frances Nutterville; altos, Doris Bergonzini and Jane Reynolds, with Norma Gilli as accompanist.

Plymouth . . . September, 1941

A mixed choral group replaced the boys' glee club of former years.

Plymouth . . . January 19, 1942



In its first public appearance of the year, the Sextet entertained The Woman's Alliance at the Baptist Church.

Plymouth . . . February 6, 1942

A number of teachers and students of the Junior and Senior High Schools met at the railroad station to say goodbye to Director John Pacheco, and the band played several selections for him as he left to enter the U. S. Army.

Plymouth . . . February 10, 1942

The Girls' Sextet went to Harwichport to entertain the Woman's Club, and received high praise for its program.

Plymouth . . . February, 1942

Mr. Vincent De Benedictis arrived to assume the responsibilities of Mr. John Pacheco as director of the band and orchestra.

Plymouth . . . February 11 and 12, 1942

The musical and dramatic groups of the school combined to present the Gay Nineties Review. The project was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it.



Plymouth . . . February 14, 1942

The Sextet, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Hunt, went to Boston to participate in a broadcast from Station WEEI. The group received many compliments and learned much from the experience.

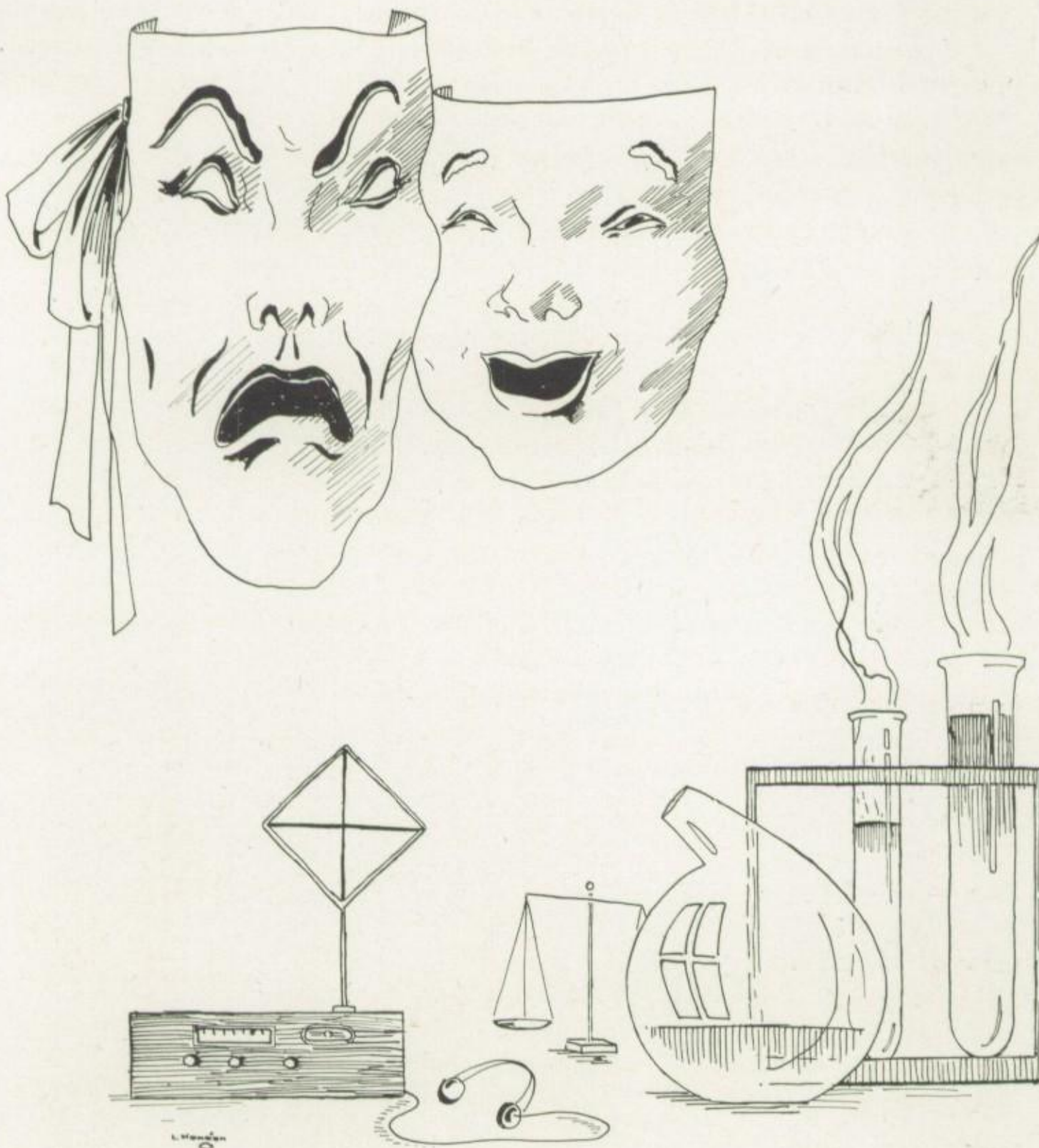
Plymouth . . . March 18 - 22, 1942

A group of sixteen students, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Hunt, left early on a Wednesday morning to attend the All New England Music Festival held at Keene, New Hampshire. Most of the four days was spent in rehearsal for the concerts to be given on March 21. On that Saturday, the group sang in a very successful afternoon and evening concert. Not only did the group make many new friends, but it benefited from an entirely new musical experience.



Plymouth . . . March 25, 1942

An all-musical assembly was presented to the school, in which the band, glee club, mixed choral group and Sextet took part. The student body joined in the singing of familiar songs and thoroughly enjoyed the period.



ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL NEWS

DEAR DIARY,

September—

The portals of Plymouth High were thrown open, a few days later this year than has been the custom, to admit once again the inquisitive sophomores, jubilant juniors, and sage seniors.

The first week passed smoothly with the distribution of textbooks, surprisingly lenient home assignments, and the renewal of friendships interrupted by summer.

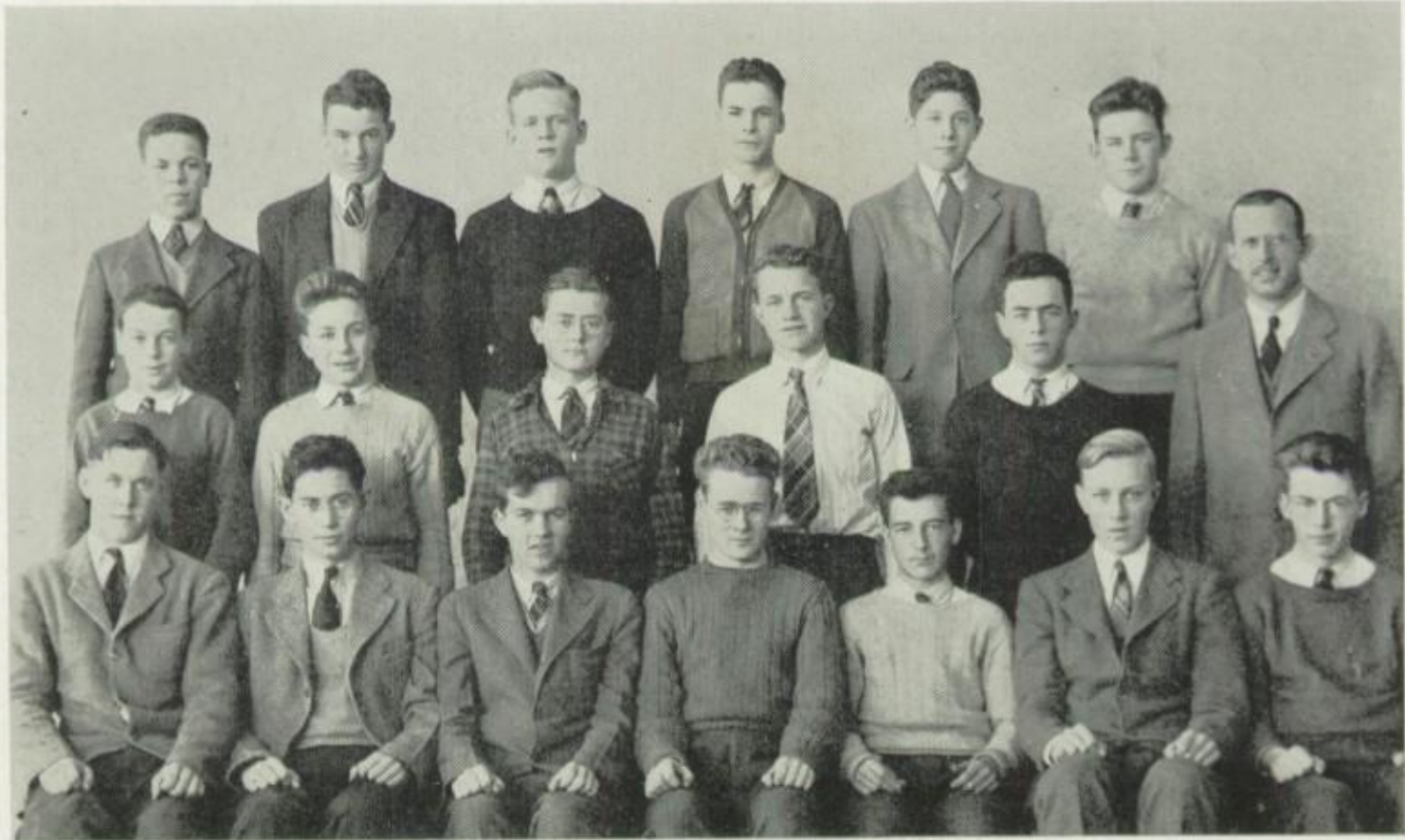
When pupils arrived at the sad, sad conclusion that vacation was a thing of the recent past but far-distant future, they began to consider participating in the clubs and sports that make school life enjoyable. Of course, by that time football practice was well under way.

October—

A Book Club, a new enterprise, has been inaugurated with Miss Margie Wilber in charge. This makes it possible for the students to obtain a collection of the classics at a reasonable cost. Possibly it will put an end to scurrying down to the library on the Thursday night before book-report Friday.

The Science Club, under Mr. John Packard's direction, held its first meeting. From all accounts it would appear that this is one organization which can flourish without any assistance from the so-called fairer sex.

The drum majors were given instruction in strutting and twirling in preparation for exhibitions at football games. They, as well as the band, received smart new blue and white uniforms.



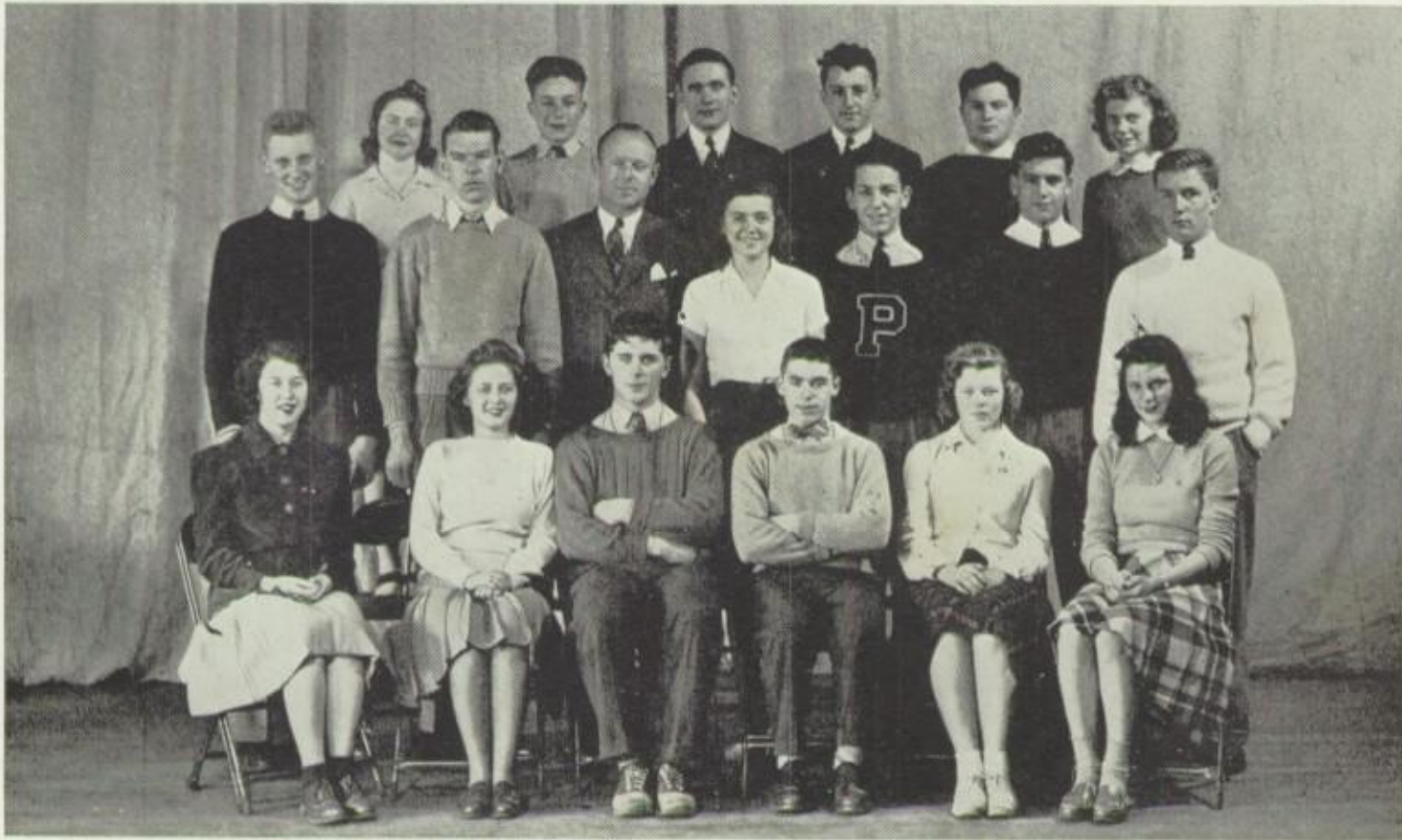
SCIENCE CLUB

Front Row: Harold Hayward, Malcolm Chamberlain, William Winter, Frederic Bliss, Bernard Brabant, Philip Manchester, Robert MacDonagh

Second Row: Robert Arnold, Ralph Fortini, Norman Gifford, Andrew Dietlin, Arthur Tache, Mr. Packard

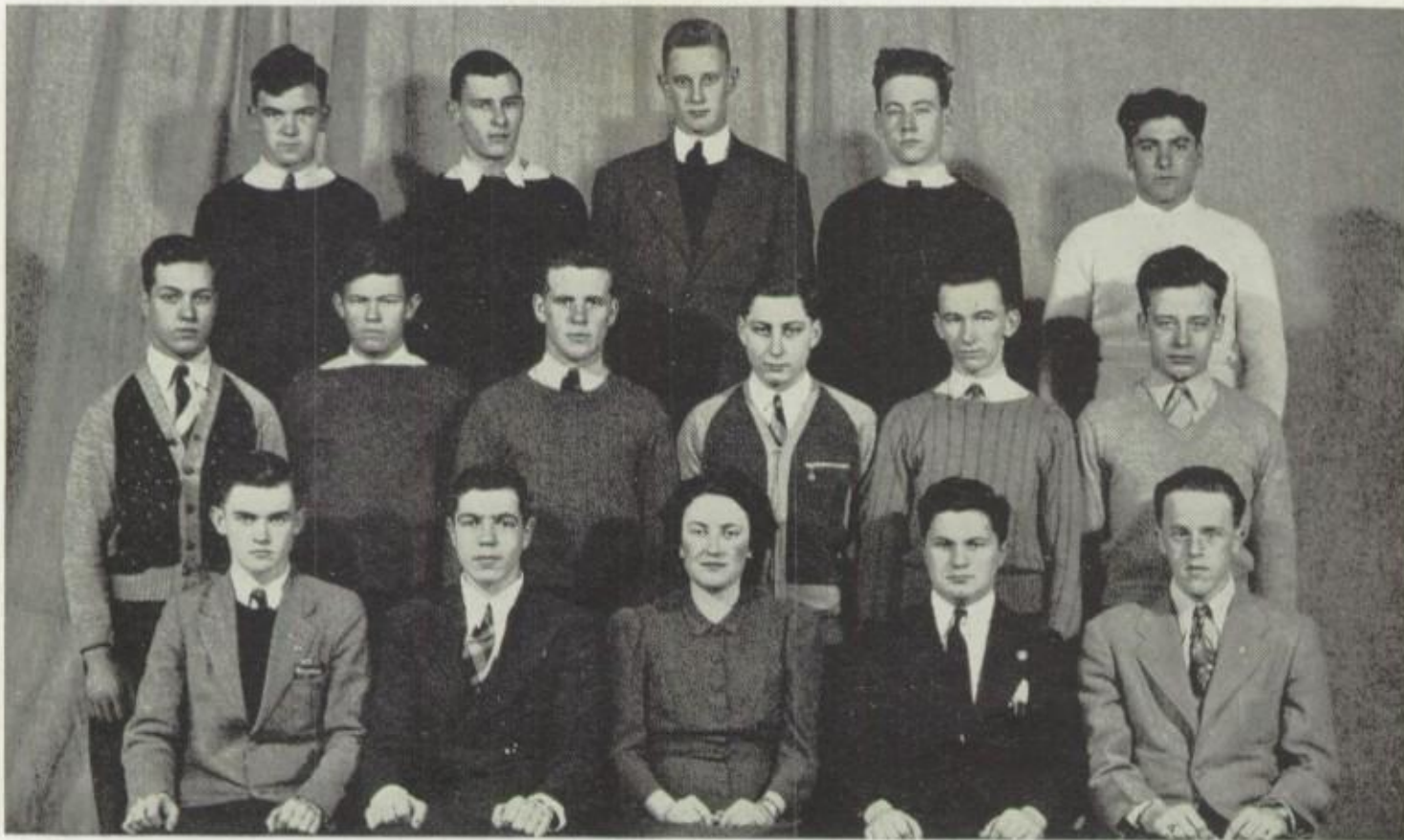
Third Row: Joseph Sylvia, William Holmes, Loring Belcher, Robert VanAmburgh, Edward Penn, Bernard Holmes

Finally, on the last day of the month, the first disastrous marking period terminated. Everyone, that is, nearly everyone, left for home at the close of the day resolved to labor much more conscientiously during the next term.



TEN-CENT-A-WEEK COLLECTORS

Front Row: Muriel Humphrey, Agnes Emond, William Lamborghini, Manuel Pimental, Ann Smith, Rita Fillion
Second Row: Richard Wirtzbarger, Albert Hatton, Mr. Bagnall, Anna Pederzani, David Crawley, Joseph Tavernelli, Benjamin Brewster
Third Row: Frances Nutterville, Ralph Fortini, George Canucci, Alvan Testoni, Remo Lodi, Elizabeth Heath



BANKERS

Front Row: Edmund Axford, George Holman, Miss Kelly, Remo Lodi, Edwin Baker
Second Row: John Souza, Richard Wall, Paul Brewster, Ruez Gallerani, Herbert Burnham, Joseph Bergamini
Third Row: Walter St. George, Richard Gavone, Richard Wirtzbarger, John Nutterville, Arthur Moskos

November—

This month witnessed, among other things, a successful Red Cross Drive, election of senior class officers, and an enthusiastic pep assembly. A song by a quartet of male faculty members, accompanied by the band, caused excitement that nothing could quell.

The annual Thanksgiving assembly was held on the eighteenth with the orchestra and mixed chorus providing the music. The participants were Isabelle Pierson, Robert Van Amburgh, Jane Reynolds, and Malcolm Chamberlain.



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: Evan Yates, Norma Gilli, Evelyn Fisk, Mr. De Benedictis, Gloria Longhi, Virginia Reynolds, Joan Eldridge

Second Row: Charles Tourgee, Alvan Testoni, Charles Stasinos, Milton Glassman, Richard Drew

Third Row: Nicholas Stasinos, Alfred Holmes, Walter St. George, Howard Haire

December—

Some of the talented and some not so talented hied themselves down to the auditorium one Tuesday evening to take part in the Dramatic Club's Amateur Night. The contestants seemed to find it enjoyable, whether applauded or not.

A film entitled "Finding Your Life Work" was shown to all pupils in the hope of aiding some of them in deciding on their future vocations.

A new library feature was introduced this month — "*The Library News Bulletin*." It offers a "Favorites" page, "Your Public Library," "Faculty and Pupil suggestions," "Your Job—Your Life," and "The Hobby Spot." It is distributed to home room teachers on the first of the month. Much credit for this new endeavor goes to Edward Cavicchi, Barbara Maloon, and Marie Martinelli working under the direction of Mr. Arthur Pyle.

Tryouts for the Christmas play, "No Room in the Hotel," were held by the Dramatic Club, and characters, as well as committees for make-up, costumes, properties, and programs, were chosen.

The annual sale of Christmas Seals was sponsored by the Student Activities Society.



DRAMATIC CLUB

Front Row: Jane Reynolds, Gladys Cohen, Isabel Brown, Marcia Brooks, Phyllis Lawday, Barbara Fish, Joan Eldridge, Jean Boutin, Laura Resnick

Second Row: Betty Viets, Shirley Collins, Mary Bearhope, Marjorie Neal, Ruth Dale, Miss Moore, Beverly Feinberg, Jennette Franks, Florinda Leal, Constance Armstrong, Barbara Lee

Third Row: Cynthia Holmes, Beverly Armstrong, Ruth Morton, Faith Millman, Naomi McNeil, Lillian Shaw, Joan Chiari, Rose Brigida, Olive Harlow, Betsey McCosh, Doris Bergonzini, Louise Thomas

Fourth Row: Harold Hayward, Malcolm Chamberlain, Ronald Butterfield, Robert Cook, Philip Manchester, Edward Cavicchi, Richard Kearsley, David Briggs, Milton Glassman

Absentee: David Crawley



LIBRARY RESEARCH

Front Row: Arleen Linton, Phyllis Lawday, Mr. Pyle

Second Row: David Briggs, Ronald Butterfield, Marie Martinelli, Barbara Maloon, Edward Cavicchi

At a special assembly, Mr. Mongan urged the buying of war bonds, and representatives from two of the local banks were on hand to answer all questions relating to their purchase.

The members of THE PILGRIM staff invited Mrs. Lois Palches, a local poet, to read some of her work to fourth-period English classes. Since poetry assignments loomed menacingly in the too-near future, many students were at least willing to be helped by her presentation of rhyme patterns and subject matter.

The school band, marching up Main Street in full uniforms in December, caused no little bewilderment among the townspeople. However, furrowed brows were smoothed by the explanation appearing on a banner announcing a coming current events lecture by Mr. Anton DeHaas, sponsored by the band. The talk had to be cancelled because Mr. DeHaas was summoned to Washington.

All pupils greatly enjoyed an assembly featuring Pitt Parker, the crayon wizard who, as he drew pictures, gave a talk both entertaining and educational.

At the S. A. S. meeting, reports on the Hospital Thanksgiving Drive and Christmas Seal Sale were given. Discussion on the money-making project of the year, the Gay Nineties Revue, was started.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES SOCIETY

Front Row: Gino Borsari, Edwin Bastoni, Robert Agnone, George Canucci, Paul Brewster

Second Row: Agnes Emond, Mary Goddard, Harold DeCarli, Robert Wilson, Benjamin Brewster, Anna Scotti, Gladys Cohen

Third Row: Miss Locklin, Joan Holmes, William MacDonald, Mr. Mongan, Mr. Romano, Theodore Martin, Naomi McNeil, Miss Brown, Miss Rafter

Fourth Row: Ralph Fortini, Bernard Verre, Jean Maccaferri, Mary Marvelli, Jennette Franks, Anna Pederzani, Elide Benati, Jean Boutin, Albert Post, Harold Maccaferri

Fifth Row: Roger Whiting, Bernard Kritzmacher, Malcolm Chamberlain, Richard Kearsley, Harold Hayward, William Lamborghini, George Radcliffe, Richard Wirtzbarger



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Front Row: Norma Gilli, Cynthia Holmes, Shirley Davies, Agnes Perry, Julia Andrews, Betty Curtin, Betty Viets, Jean Boutin, Naomi McNeil, Elizabeth Heath, Priscilla Crawley, Arlene Bourne

Second Row: Isabel Brown, Faith Millman, Frances Nutterville, Louise Thomas, Barbara Carmichael, Olive Harlow, Doris Bergonzini, Gladys Cohen, Barbara Fish, Lois Jesse, Nancy Bartlett

Third Row: Bernadette Murphy, Joan Eldridge, Beverly Feinberg, Jane Reynolds, Ruth Morton, Virginia Reynolds, Arline White, Verna Shaw, Florine Schortman, Janet Holman, Laura Resnick, Ruth Pederzani, Dolores Tarantino, Martha Kallio, Gloria Longhi, Miss Hunt

Fourth Row: Corinne Jenney, Helen Sherman, Virginia Drew, Joan Chiari, Lillian Shaw, Anna Pederzani, Phyllis Lawday, Marjorie Neal, Ruth Dale, Mary Anderson, Priscilla Rowe, Gloria Borghesani, Agnes Mazzanti, Constance Armstrong, Pamela Damment



GIRLS' SEXTET

Front Row: Cynthia Holmes, Marjorie Neal, Faith Millman

Second Row: Doris Bergonzini, Norma Gilli, Jane Reynolds, Frances Nutterville

During November and December, Junior Red Cross knitters, under the direction of Mrs. Miriam Raymond, made fifty-eight hanks of yarn into twenty-four three-piece suits for three-year olds. In addition to these, the girls produced one hundred and four pairs of mittens. Fifty-five woolen skirts and twenty-five girls' dresses were made for the Red Cross under the supervision of Miss Viola Boucher.

The final and most exciting event of the month was the Football Dance, held in the gymnasium on the twenty-third. The profits, which were insured by two weeks of unforgettable radio advertising, were to finance the team's trip to a hockey game in Boston.

January—

Some very lethargic pupils returned to school hoping to use the first few days of the new term to recuperate from the holidays.

Results of the Christmas Seal Drive were announced as thirty-five dollars and twenty-five cents.

The faculty members began a basic course in First Aid dealing with such treatments as might be necessary in the event of an air raid or similar emergency.

Tryouts for the melodrama, "Fireman, Save My Child," to be presented as part of the Gay Nineties Revue, were held by Miss Dorris Moore.

Some of the girls spent several afternoons rolling bandages for the Red Cross.

The sophomores rather tardily elected their officers for the year.

On the twenty-first, the staff of THE PILGRIM entertained two hundred members of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications at its mid-winter convention. The most informative part of the program was a lecture entitled "Education and the Battle of the Atlantic" by Mr. Herbert G. Sonthoff,—the most amusing, the Barbershop Quartet and Mid-get Sextet. An Italian supper was served in the cafeteria, and dancing in the gymnasium concluded the meeting.



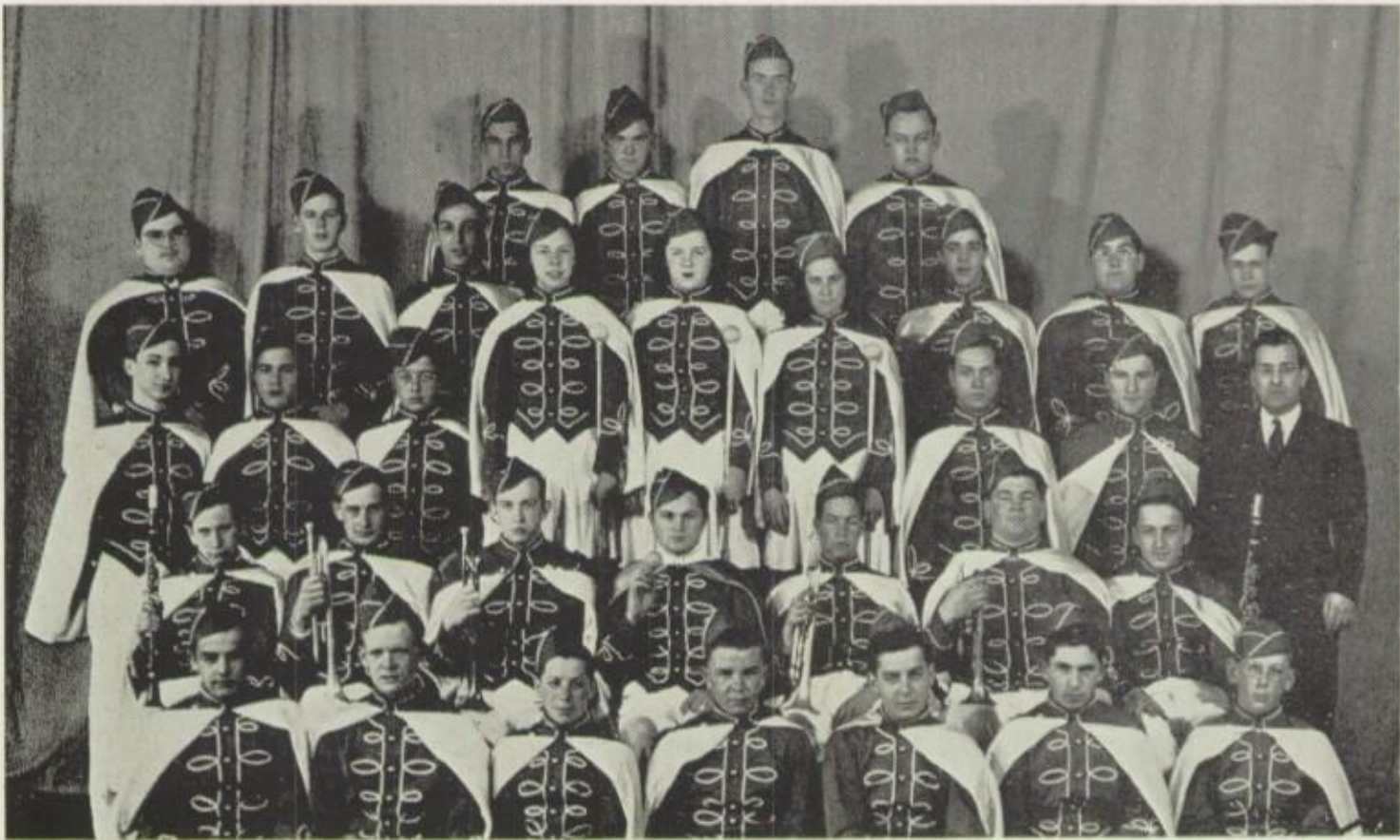
SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Left to Right: William MacDonald, Elide Benati, Robert Agnone, Miss Jacques, Charles Tourgee



CHEERLEADERS

Left to Right: Marie Sance, Claire Roy, Ann Smith, Lillian Shaw, George Canucci, Agnes Emond, Barbara Fish, Arlene O'Brien, Jean Maccaferri
Absentee: Mr. Guidaboni



BAND

Front Row: Howard Haire, Loring Belcher, Frederick Vacchi, Richard Drew, David Maccaferri, Milton Glassman, Donald Dassman
Second Row: Melvin Thomas, Donald Meyers, John Kelley, Remo Lodi, Joseph Kaiser, Louis Sitta, Alvan Testoni
Third Row: Harold DeCarli, Gino Borsari, Charles Tourgee, Jane Reynolds, Betty Curtin, Charlotte Valler, John Souza, Alvin DeCost, Mr. De Benedictis
Fourth Row: Herbert Costa, Lloyd Pickard, David Crawley, Tony Soares, Ralph Balboni, Frederic Bliss
Fifth Row: Manuel Silva, Walter St. George, Thomas Brewer, Charles Stasinis

Rehearsals for the Gay Nineties Revue were begun with many who had never dreamed of participating when the venture was announced, hoping, even praying, that they would not be left out.

The S. A. S. sponsored an assembly at which pictures and a talk on modern aircraft were presented by Mr. Murton Overing.

The Science Club held its Aviation Hop, at which prizes of plane rides and defense stamps were given to lucky persons. Since club members decorated the gymnasium, a few dancers wondered whether they had put some of the planes upside down on purpose.

February—

It finally happened—the Gay Nineties Revue. All the performers hoped that the audience enjoyed it as much as they.

Because of the change to War Time, it was deemed necessary to start school a half hour later in the morning. That half hour proved such a short time to remain in bed, but such an eternity at the end of period six!

The Senior Honor Group, consisting of twenty-one members, each of whom has maintained an average of eighty-five per cent or higher during the high school course, was announced by Mr. Mongan at an assembly.

The first air raid drill with the evacuation of the building was held on a day which was conveniently pleasant and springlike. The people who always walk home had an advantage over those who ride, for they were winded after the first block or two.

March—

The future looked brighter when pupils wrote "March" on their papers because this magic word brought with it the realization that there were but four months to summer vacation. There were even those who counted the intervening days.



LATIN CLUB (Program Chairmen)

Front Row: Alvan Testoni, Ruth Morton, Mary Kennedy, Miss Wilber, Anna Scotti, Elide Benati, William MacDonald

Second Row: Isabel Brown, George Canucci, Gerald Longhi, Richard Drew, Philip Manchester, Robert Agnone, Arthur Tache, Richard Po, Patricia Malaguti



LIBRARY STAFF

Front Row: Shirley Collins, Arleen Linton, Joan Holmes, Mr. Pyle, Florinda Leal, Doris Bergonzini, Rachel Baker, Elizabeth Heath

Second Row: Leonore DeCarli, Marion Clark, Marcia Brooks, Ann Smith, Phyllis Ginhold, Mary Goddard, Marie Martinelli, Phyllis Diegoli, Barbara Fish, Mary Kennedy, Jennette Franks

Third Row: Phyllis Lawday, Helene Longhi, Evelyn Ryerson, Norma Johnson, Josephine Bassett, Muriel Humphrey, Margaret Diaz, Beatrice O'Connell, Mary Mulcahy, Joyce Bassett, Dena Rossi

Fourth Row: Richard Gavone, David Briggs, Lydia Mongan, Thomas Brewer, Barbara Maloon, Edward Cavicchi, Ronald Butterfield

Absentees: Elsie Salmi, Betsey McCosh, Mary Donovan, Patricia Douglass



MIXED CHORUS

Front Row: Faith Millman, Doris Bergonzini, Louise Thomas, Barbara Carmichael, Arlene Bourne, Frances Nutterville, Olive Harlow, Virginia Reynolds

Second Row: Gladys Cohen, Jane Reynolds, Verna Shaw, Arline White, Marjorie Neal, Miss Hunt, Phyllis Lawday, Ruth Morton, Nina Patturelli, Florine Schortman, Corinne Jenney, Barbara Fish

Third Row: Remo Lodi, Harold Brown, Edwin Baker, Thomas Brewer, David Briggs, Alfred Holmes, Edward Penn, Henry Pina

For the benefit of the Red Cross War Drive, the Gay Nineties Revue was repeated. Several members of the cast were surprised to learn how much they had forgotten in the space of two weeks.

At the S. A. S. meeting, two new members were added to the board and one to the council. Twenty per cent of the profit from the Gay Nineties Revue was given to the band.

Graduation plans were begun and the various committees chosen when the Senior Honor Group met with Mrs. Miriam Raymond.

It seemed quite natural to hear Mr. Anson B. Handy speaking at an assembly. His talk concerned the problems facing the student after graduation.

At a candlelight assembly, thirteen new members were admitted to membership in the National Honor Society.

The Sophomore Hop was held on the twentieth with music by Jay Mando.

Sixteen students attended a four-day music festival in Keene, New Hampshire.

Pupils enjoyed another Pitt Parker assembly at which Dan Stiles talked about the beauties and industries of coastal New England. His exposition was illustrated by pictures in technicolor.

Many pupils expressed their desire for another assembly of the same type as the one presented by the musical groups. In addition to selections by glee clubs, band, sextet, and a solo by Fred Bliss, the entire student body joined in singing "Rose O'Day," "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay," and several other rollicking favorites.



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Front Row: Florinda Leal, Marie Martinelli, Ruth Morton, Naomi McNeil, Jean Boutin, Doris Bergonzini

Second Row: Benjamin Brewster, Roger Whiting, Joseph Tavernelli, Richard Kearsley, Robert MacDonagh, Malcolm Chamberlain, Tony Soares.

Third Row: Laura Resnick, Anna Scotti, Robert Wilson, Jennette Franks, Richard Wirtzbarger, Mr. Mongan, George Canucci, Harold DeCarli, Lydia Mongan, Faith Millman

Absentees: Mr. Romano, Mr. Guidaboni



CRAFTS

Front Row: Evelyn Ryerson, Phyllis Ginhold, Agnes Emond, Barbara Fish, Mildred Schaal

Second Row: Doris Volta, Joan Chiari, Elaine Sadow, Mary Mulcahy, Patricia Douglass, Justine Hayward, Marie Martinelli

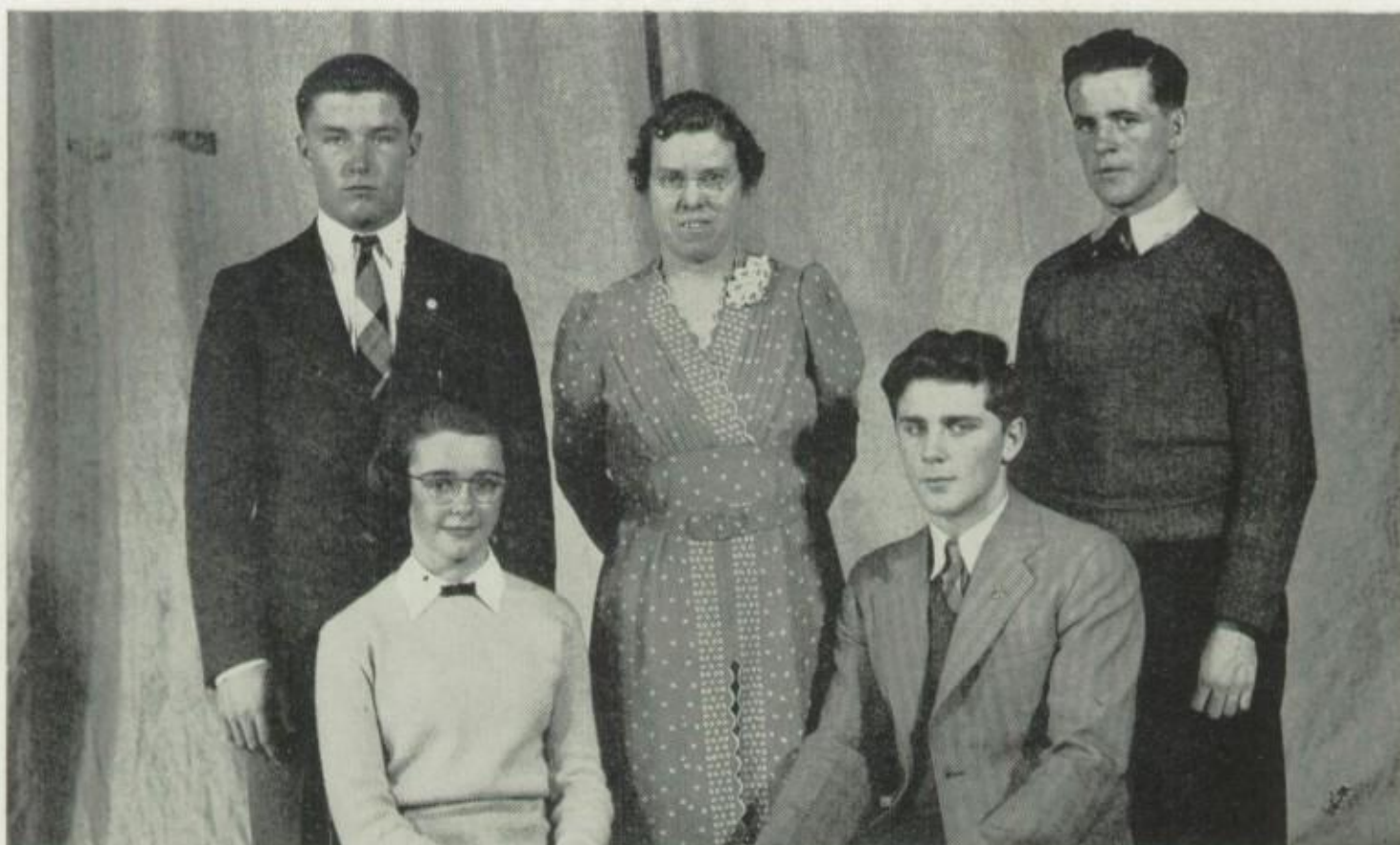
Absentee: Mrs. Brown



PRESS CLUB

Front Row: Barbara Lee, Robert MacDonagh, Doris Bergonzini, Margaret Diaz, Walter Silva, Rose Brigida, Gladys Cohen

Second Row: Elizabeth Heath, Jane Reynolds, Helen Sherman, Phyllis Lawday, Miss Moore, Joyce Bassett, Constance Armstrong, Mary Bearhope, Mildred Schaal, Olive Harlow



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Front Row: Naomi McNeil, William Lamborghini

Back Row: Benjamin Brewster, Miss Lang, Paul Brewster

The Class of 1943 met to discuss plans for its Junior Promenade scheduled for May fifteenth.

Girls' badminton was played in the gymnasium three days each week.

April—

Six war news films were presented by the music department on the evening of the seventeenth to raise money to pay for the band's new uniforms.

Prizes were awarded in the Motion Picture Poster Contest sponsored by the Plymouth Woman's Club. Marie Martinelli received first, Patricia Douglass, second, and Nancy Bartlett and Benjamin Perry tied for third. The posters were made in the Art Department under the supervision of Mrs. Margaret Brown. The judges were Mrs. Daniel Ellis, Miss Nellie Locklin, and Mrs. Miriam Raymond.

Well, dear Diary, a most significant date has arrived—the day when *THE PILGRIM* goes to press. Although the school year has two more months to run, these entries must be brought to an abrupt conclusion.

A fond adieu,

RUTH MORTON '43

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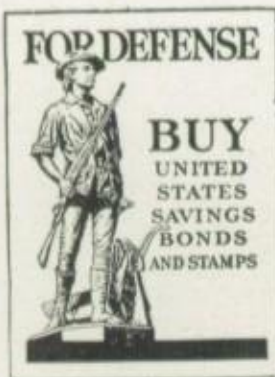
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